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talking on tiptoe



The South Carolina Arts Commission Anthology of Student
Poetry for the Poets-In-The-Schools Program 1974

"Poetry...seems like talking on tiptoe."

—George Meredith

TALKING ON TIPTOE

Poems from the Poets-in-the-Schools Program
of the
South Carolina Arts Commission

Edited by Dale Alan Bailes

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South Carolina Arts Commission
Columbia, South Carolina

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Participating Schools

Poets-in-the-School Program/1973-74

Aiken Junior High School, Aiken, S. C.
Airport High School, West Columbia, S. C.
Beck Middle School, Greenville, S. C.
Belleville Junior High School, Orangeburg, S. C.
Bennettsville Elementary School, Bennettsville, S. C.
Bennettsville Junior High School, Bennettsville, S. C.
Camden Elementary School, Camden, S. C.
Dent Junior High School, Columbia, S. C.
Dreher High School, Columbia, S. C.
Greenwood High School, Greenwood, S. C.
Hartsville Senior High School, Hartsville, S. C.
Heathwood Hall Episcopal School, Columbia, S. C.
John G. Richards School for Boys, Columbia, S. C.
Keenan High School, Columbia, S. C.
Kennedy Junior High School, Aiken, S. C.
Landrum High School, Landrum, S. C.
League Middle School, Greenville, S. C.
Lonnie B. Nelson Elementary School, Columbia, S. C.
May River Academy, Bluffton, S. C.
Northside Middle School, West Columbia, S. C.
Palmetto High School, Williamston, S. C.
Pamplico High School, Pamplico, S. C.
Porter-Gaud School, Charleston, S. C.
Ruffin High School, Ruffin, S. C.
Saluda High School, Saluda, S. C.
Sea Pines Academy, Hilton Head Island, S. C.
South Pine Street Elementary School, Walhalla, S. C.
Southside High School, Florence, S. C.
Spartanburg High School, Spartanburg, S. C.
Spring Valley High School, Columbia, S. C.
W. A. Perry Middle School, Columbia, S. C.
Wando High School, Charleston, S. C.
Westminster Elementary School, Westminster, S. C.
Willow Lanes School for Girls, Columbia, S. C.
Wilson High School, Florence, S. C.
Wren High School, Piedmont, S. C.
York Road Elementary School, Rock Hill, S. C.

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EDITOR'S NOTE

The student poems in this anthology are the result of spontaneous classroom writing sessions; there was little instruction in technique, style, and form. Rather, the poets attempted by the example of their own reading and writing to draw out the feelings and the imagination of each student. To aid the student writers in this situation, such academic matters as grades and competitiveness were ignored completely and such formal considerations as correct spelling and syntax were de-emphasized so that each person might express his feelings as freely as possible.

In this situation, students who rarely took part in class discussion eagerly wrote and read aloud poems they had composed that day; students who had missed class all year at the rate of one or two days a week attended class the full week; students who seldom brought pencil and paper to class were sure to have these items on hand for the poetry class that day.

One young woman, who could have been speaking and writing for any number of the other students in the schools, responded to this new freedom of expression and from rules with the following poem in class; I have left the spelling as it was:

If I were a poem
I would write about the
Love that I give mana.
I would write about my shoes
that I never have.
I would write about money
which I never seen to have.
Write something 'bout
Jesus and his angles. That I
never seen.
i would write 'bout my people
that I never know.
I want to some thing about my Love
want to write something about my love
but I could never find no words.

The poets-in-the-schools program has helped many people to find the words, to find the importance of feelings and imagination, to find the sense of self-worth.

To see these things happen, and to watch *students* become *people* in their own eyes and in the eyes of others, is ample reward for the hassles involved to the poets: time away from one's own work, sleeping in lumpy beds in motel rooms, eating meals in various greasy spoon restaurants. Long after these hassles are forgotten, the students and the poems are remembered.

The memories I have of the past year in this program give me a great feeling of delight and warmth; I invite you to share that feeling with me through the poems in this anthology.

Dale Alan Bailes, Editor

Credits and Acknowledgements

It has always seemed to me that the greatest obstacle in the path of progress is resistance to change. Even so, resistance to change is easy to understand. Maintaining the status-quo is familiar, comfortable, and in many cases less frustrating than trying to constantly adapt to constantly changing situations.

Yet, change is in many ways the name of the game of the efforts made and the energy expended by the Arts-in-Education Division in attempting to provide quality arts experiences for the elementary and secondary students of our state.

We are not asking our educators to change their curriculum. But it is impossible to place a poet in a classroom situation without there being some adjustment on the part of school administrators and teachers.

The poets must also be adaptable to change, facing as they must a wide variety of mental and chronological ages, attitudes, and degrees of initial interest by teachers and students.

The students must also adjust to the image of a new breed of teacher—the teacher poet, who may operate in a manner quite different from most teachers of their acquaintance, with his primary purpose for being in their classroom—to help these readers and writers of poetry really become understanders of poetry.

And finally, there must be a constant spirit of change on the part of the Arts-in-Education Division and the South Carolina Arts Commission in their efforts to constantly review and evaluate and adjust the Poets-in-the-Schools program to make it a more enjoyable and valid educational experience for the students and teachers it touches.

To all those who so ably sensed this necessity for change and altered their personal and professional commitments in order to make education in the arts more available, we dedicate this anthology.

My own personal gratitude is expressed here to all of the 16 poets who gave so unselfishly of their time, energies and talents to make our poets program such a success, and especially to Dale Alan Bailes for his multiple commitments as a poet in the schools, master poet, and as editor for the anthology;

To all of the superintendents, principals, in-school coordinators, and teachers my very special appreciation for your trust and cooperation in our program;

To the hundreds of students who have helped us improve and progress by sharing their poems for this anthology and their thoughts, opinions, reactions and comments about the poets program through their evaluations, mere thanks seems inadequate but is hereby gratefully acknowledged.

To the members—individually and collectively—of the South Carolina Arts Commission, I pay tribute to their belief and attitude to new educational dimensions;

To Joyce Huey, our enthusiastic and dedicated Educational Consultant, without whose help much of what transpired during the past year's poets program would not have come about, thank you.

To Jill Hall, appreciation—not only for her willingness to allow us to use her letter and poem but for the thoughts which inspired her to write them.

And finally to those who worked so hard to give our program public exposure—Don McMillen for his splendid photography, Bob Rowland and Karl Allison for their creative use of words and media, to the media for their interest and help; and to all those others whom I may have neglected to mention but who made meaningful contributions—my apologies and gratitude.

Scott Sanders

Director

Arts in Education Division

South Carolina Arts Commission

Introduction

On December 3, 1973 the following letter was delivered to the offices of the South Carolina Arts Commission at 1205 Pendleton Street, Columbia.

4010 Beard St.
Camden, S. C.
29020

Dear Sirs:

I participated last year in the "Poets-in-the-Schools" program. It really meant a great deal to me and when I found out Camden High wasn't included this year, I really felt something. I couldn't explain how I felt so I wrote it in a poem. I just wanted you to know how much it meant and means to many of us. And also to say "Thank-You" for giving students the opportunity to listen to others express themselves and to maybe, express their own feelings.

Sincerely,
Jill Hall

A PLEA TO A POET

I want you back
to listen to your thoughts
to jump into your words
and to find my way through their meanings.
Poetry softly echoes in the room
reflecting the thoughts of yesterday.
It means so much to me
and I want to listen
and to write
but you don't come.

Jill Hall

Although the South Carolina Arts Commission regularly asks schools participating in our Poets-in-the-Schools program to evaluate the program, the poets, and the effect the program may have had on students and teachers, it is done for the purposes of program reporting and improvement. The Commission never requests and rarely receives testimonials about its efforts to make quality arts experiences available to the students enrolled in South Carolina schools and extend the dimensions of the education they receive there.

We have been extremely pleased with the growth and expansion of our program from eight poets operating in 16 different schools in the 1971-72 school year to 16 poets working in 37 different schools in 1973-74. Each year we are even more pleased than we were the year before with the quality of the student poetry to come out of the program and which is selected for publication in our annual an-

thology—*Measure Me, Sky* (1971-72); *The New Janitor's Nose and Other Poems* (1972-73); and now the latest in the student poetry anthology series, *Talking on Tiptoe*.

So we, who have worked with the program on a day to day basis, have had little doubt that the Poets-in-the-Schools program was fulfilling a creative and educational need. But it is easy to lose sight of just how important something might be to others. However, it only takes an unsolicited letter like the one printed above—growing as it does out of a sense of need, loss and hope—to re-emphasize to us the true value and importance of the Poets-in-the-School program. As one member of our staff said upon reading the letter, "It makes it all worth while, doesn't it?"

The answer to that question is yes. One has only to read the poems included in this anthology to know that.

However, if there are still those who might doubt the educational value of a program which has as its central purpose the placement of poets in schools to help students write their own poetry as well as helping them to know, appreciate and understand poetry better, there is another test.

One of my favorite stories concerns the son of Christopher Wren (the 17th century English architect) who had inscribed on his father's tombstone the words—"Reader, if you seek a monument, look about you."

Paraphrasing this thought, if you question the validity of the Poets-in-the-Schools program of the South Carolina Arts Commission, don't take our word for it. Ask any of the 5000 students who participated in the program this year.

Rick George
Executive Director
South Carolina Arts Commission

**The South Carolina Arts Commission
Anthology of Student Poetry for the
Poets-in-the-Schools Program
1974**

For one minute
I'll forget that Santa dies
on the last page of a Christmas book,
and reindeer can't cross country
borders.
That the almanac and weatherman
are stupid things
that hate snow
and ice
and candlewarmed houses
hopelessly and happily anchored
in drift waves of whiteness
Yes I'll even forget the last
Ten birthdays and maybe even
the last ten years
and live again four feet above
the ground where other things
look bigger, and greater
and just wonderful and
Because,
if I can forget just a little
for one minute,
and a little more for another,
I can sometimes step stone back to
my seven year new and sparkling
world

Pam Tsalapatas

Grade 12

Spring Valley High School

THE LAND OF TASTE

I'd like to live in a land with
 licorice tree trunks,
With little cherry blossoms,
And sweet smelling skunks.

With salty sunflower seeds,
And lime flavored weeds.

Daisy petals of lemon,
And the sun of persimmon.

With every grain of sand, the flavor
 of a jellybean
And pretty things, no one has ever
 seen.

Louise Coburn
Grade 6
May River Academy

MY FAVORITE PLACE

My favorite place in the world is on the big rock by the creek
First off I'll tell you about the rock.
It's very big and has South Carolina carved in it.
Also something else I can't make out.
My favorite place is on the side of the rock near the waterfall
There where the water is rushing, nobody can hear me cry or
 Scream.
Sometimes I even talk to the water.
The creek?
It's very small and not too deep, clear, and easy to talk to.
That's why I like it.

Lisa Waldt, 12
South Pine St. Elementary

THE HOPSCOTCH

The H was very creative but it

o
p
sco
t
ch

I
ook like something
s

that I w have
oul
d

called a g invention.
rea
t

But I feel sorry for the first kid
who tried to j in that.
um
p

Rachel Freeman
Grade 7
Perry Middle School

DENO

I had a dog named Deno,
I raised Deno from a pup,
He will stand on his hind legs,
If you hold his front legs up.

Ruth Porter
Grade 8
Kennedy Jr.
High
School

I woke up this morning and saw the fog
all around me and going to school was beautiful.
The mist on the water looked like
a bunch of God's ghosts
dancing on the lakes.
A whole bunch of birds were just flying
like black dots across the water.
I wanted to get out because
it sounded like someone was calling me.
I felt good!

Nancy Camp
Grade 5
York Road Elementary

Sometimes I like to look at rats
and pretend they are giraffes.
When I look at a cloud
I may pretend it is cotton
with an angel on top
or when a horse is prancing
I may say it looks like
my sister dancing.

Lisa Pelletier
Grade 5
York Road Elementary

I wish I was dead
and came back alive
as a snake

and bit everybody.

Phillip Hingleton
Unit 500
Lonnie B. Nelson School

POEM

A red horse is like
the dead leaves on the ground.

Wild horses are like
the wind blowing through the air.

The toy horse is like
a cat running wild in the mountains.

An old horse is like an
old human to me.

All horses are in
one.

Walter Hale Jr.

Grade 5

Bennettsville Elementary

SIX

Being six.
whittling sticks
Being teased
 Being pleased—
at Christmastime—
crying, spying
almost dying—
Seems like life was dangerous then
On the rocks I climb
Getting allowance—a dime
As the year rolled by
Onward in time I fly.

David Ballenger

Grade 6

Beck Middle School

A POEM

One day a little butterfly was flying
way up high
the colors were so pretty

I thought I could fly.
I tried it once and broke my arm.

I was in bed, and that pretty
butterfly came along.

He turned me in to one
I looked like a butterfly
with a little bit of flour

on my wing.

Jo Anne

Unit 500

Lonnie B. Nelson School

THE FLIGHT OF THE WOOD DUCK

One morning I walked in the woods
Before the fog had risen.
I came upon a swampy pond
Its surface was covered with scum.
I sat beside a cypress tree
Its knarled old branches were adorned
With moss.
A cry so lonesome filled the air
It made me shiver and shake
Suddenly, silently a streak of
Rainbow colours came streaking
From the trees.
It uttered another lonesome cry
Then it slowly swam into the
Grassy shore.
It looked at me with long,
Sad eyes.
It cried and flew away.

Rosanne Griffeth

Grade 7

May River Academy

A TRIBUTE TO MY TEACHER

My first grade teacher.
A nose like Captain Hook's hook
Black, black somber dresses
down to her ankles.
Yellow teeth, prune skin,
orthopedic shoes.
She looked like something from October 31
She ran a tight broom, but I'm thankful.
I learned.

Sue Koch

Grade 11

Spring Valley High School

MYSELF

I have eyes that see through the dark.
I have ears that hear a tiny dog's bark.
My nose smells good things and
On my finger I wear a ring.
My mouth runs like a car
Which carries people away and far—
Through the distance in which I see
A little tiny bumble bee.

Cindy Lee, 11

South Pine St. Elementary

A TRACTOR

A tractor is sitting in a field after a hard days work
sweating after pulling a plow then dark falls then
the cricket starts singing dark keeps falling and falling

Chris Chambers

Grade 8

Beck Middle School

WHAT'S ON THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN

I am half rainbow and half woman.
After a rain, my colors fly out.
I spread out my arms and
away I fly.

When it hasn't been raining
I sit and think of the next
rain sometimes my hair starts
changing colors when I start
dreaming too hard.

People would not be
my friend, if they thought I was
different so that's why I live
on the highest mountain in
the world that stretches up
into the clouds.

Cathy Ballenger

Grade 7

Beck Middle School

Seemed like seventh period would never end
My books were kind of yawning in my face
A gust of wind blew through the window
And sent a few papers on my desk slowly drinking
to the floor
And the teacher blew his nose which sounded
like air escaping from a balloon
And just went on talking like a big dog with
a small dog's bark.

Jeff Flowers

Kennedy Jr High School

THE WORLD OF UGLY

the world of ugly is a world of population,
when dark clouds cover the sun and everything is dark,
the world of ugly is when the birds become extinct,
or they left the city to go to another world
the world of ugly is when the hunters have gone hunting
the world of ugly is when the hunters have killed the
animals that use to run and play in the forest.
ugly is when there is no place to swim or,
the fear of floating up dead like fish,
ugly is the summer of polluted rivers and lakes.
the world is dying of ugly.

Jeff Boltin

Grade 9

Belleville Junior High School

MR. CANDY STORE

The counter was cold pressed into
my hands.

Like ice of a winter's day,
And although I had rung the
chimes, once slowly,
no one came to attend

A bald head peeked over the
Sunday paper.

I felt it was Mr. Green for sure,
But the Times had been boring.
And Mr. Green was a-snoring
So I was left to myself once more

I remember the day,
Mr. Green went away,
And I was left to myself, once more

Gary Purcell

Grade 8

Aiken Junior High School

GAMA

(Gama is my grandmother)

Who is she?

She smiles in her sleep

And in her rocking chair she rocks to the

Distant beat of yesterday.

It is only today, and waking that make

Her weep.

They have stolen my friend.

They took her and put her in this strange

New skin—so loose and worn and full

Of bends.

They took the auburn fire from her hair

And left winter's barren sheet.

When did she go away?

Was I looking away?

Was it when I was growing up

And didn't have time to see?

There was a time her laugh was magic.

Her body moved with a dancer's easy grace.

Now days crumble about her and there is

Uncertainty in her face.

She can't remember facts and names and numbers.

So she rocks away to her distant land,

Where spring is always there;

And winter will never come . . .

And she is always lovely and twenty-one.

Susan Haynsworth

Grade 12

Spartanburg High School

POEM

From an ancient seed

An old man grows,

A cliff against the water,

Night against a pair of eyes.

Morris Lumpkin

Dreher High School

NO MAN ON ANY MOON

Go, go
you rocket men
to Mars
and the moon
and to the stars

In all of space
you'll never see
a man's face

Explore
a million worlds
or more

You'll never meet a boy
or girl
on any shore

No man
on any moon
late or soon

No man
for we alone
are breath and bone

Yet
minds you'll find,
powers unlike ours

symmetries
unnamed
unknown

And who can guess
where,
how far

Or know
if they sight
our world

Among the moons
and wonder
who we are.

David Gibbs

Basic Class

Hannah-Pamplico High School

I LOVE YOUR

Hair—done up in a little bun
On the top of your head.
Your ears the way they droop
Your eyes—the way they dance when you're happy
or excited—or the way they cry when you're hurt.
Your nose—the way it wiggles right before you sneeze.
Your mouth—the way it curls when you smile.
Your hands—when they write poems to make
people laugh or cry or see.
Your knees—the way they crack when you walk.
Your Happy Day button on the shirt that
has the bright yellow sun.
Your pants that have the patch "Glory be, I'm in love".
But best of all I like your
high heeled sneakers that contain
Those feet that run through puddles right after a spring rain.

Cathy Attaway
Sea Pines Academy

DISLIKE HIM SO

When I hear him speak
it's like listening to a baby scream,
and when I hear him walk
it's like the sound of the shoes
worn by the boys on a football team.
When I see his teeth
it's as though you've seen a thousand
windows cracked,
and when I hear him sing,
it's the same sound as a lady
who's just been attacked.
When I see him write
it's like a three-year-old
pasting something together,
and when I see him drive,
it's like he's been driving
all his life in bad weather.

Twana Tolbert
Grade 10
Keenan High School

HE WAS THERE

I saw him: it was awful,
His head three times the size
As any normal guy on the street—
Hundreds of people in line at the park
Waiting for the roller coaster—
But there he was.

His skin was grafted onto his skull,
His shoulders slumped over his back;
A scar sliced high on his cheekbone.
Some were staring, others sneering—
But there he was.

He was waiting for the coaster
Like all the rest of us:
Feeling happy about the day.
Some ignored him, others implored him—
And he was there.

Kerry Stewart

Grade 9

Sea Pines Academy

MRS. HEATHWOOD

Sitting on her throne,
By the milk cooler,
With the tray of silver
 Queen of the Lance machine.
Loading,
 Reloading,
Opening,
 Closing,
Sweeping the halls,
Vacuuming rugs,
She,
The unrecognized lady.
Of Heathwood Hall.

Bruce Stanley

Grade 8

Heathwood Hall

MY SMALL WORLD

My small world was when I used to go next
door and play tinker toys.
My small world was when I used to play
cowboys and Indians with girls and boys.
My small world was kindergarten sleeping
on mats.
My small world was playing with
cats.
My small world was the most of fun
But my small world is forever
gone.

Maria Slattery

Grade 6

Beck Middle School

I don't have
Eyes that glisten like the morning dewdrops on a green field
Cheeks that would blaze the way through a pit-black forest
A smile that can light up the darkest of worlds
But somehow, I get along.....
Pretty well
Oh, I have my problems.
This morning I burned the English muffins.
(I had to make toast)
We're taking big tests today.
(I'll probably flunk it)
But somehow, I think I'll be able to manage.

I am young.
I have ideas.
I have you.
And you know what?
I think I'm getting there.

Lori Burns, 12

Sea Pines Academy

Braces are like miniature railroad tracks.
Money is just like living in heaven.
Retainers are just like bulldozers
that never seem to push
the teeth back in place.
Boys are just like the city trash cans
down the street.
Girls are just like tulips
that were in my window.
Most boys look like Tarzan's chipmunks.
Rabbits are just like big-eared roadrunners.
School is as awful as soured mayonnaise.

Lyn Hegwood

Grade 6

York Road Elementary

STYE

I'm a stye
floating on a eye.
It feels so good
to make it hurt
I think I'm going
to burst.

Nancy Landrum

Unit 300

Lonnie B. Nelson School

POETRY

I love Poetry
I could kiss it
I could hug it
I loves me too

Richard Schaffer

Grade 4

Westminster Elementary

THE LONESOME NIGHT

It's midnight now,
The sun has died
And the moon has awakened.
The bushes are sleeping.

The moon is lonesome
while listening to Jackwolf's howls.
The crickets are talking with all their might,
But it's only noise!

The moon watches Gloria Limb closely
Because sometimes she is naked and has no leaves.
Too bad, she's got on her nighty.
The moon is lonely, lonely, so lonesome.

Carolyn Hancock

Grade 7

Bennettsville Junior High School

THE MAN UNDER THE BED

The man under the bed
Whom I've never seen before
Except those dark lonely nights
When I lay scared in my bed
His hand would come poking out.
When my eyes were shut
And almost touch my arm
Before I looked below.
But then he jerked it back
Under my bed, in a flash
And then I would shut my eyes.
And he would start again.

Donnie Perkins

Grade 7

Northside Middle School

THE COLD GHOST

It was about that time,
A quarter till twelve,
And the ghost story book,
Was not on the shelf.

We all crowded around the fire,
All of a sudden I heard something creaking,
Looked out the window,
And saw a ghost streaking.

He ran through the courtyard,
And into the barn,
And came out in a flash,
His arms loaded with yarn.

He got him some needles,
And before the rain got him wetter,
In a flash he had knitted,
Some pants and a sweater.

Greg Brown

Grade 8

Northside Middle School

MY FRIEND THE COUNT

My friend the count comes out at night
I know he can't be trusted
His hair is black, his face pale white
His coffin is old and rusted.
He works like any other man
8 hours a night, but without pay—
His reward comes from within
Sweet juice that keeps him through the day.
His victims range in shape and size
He's really not too picky.
I can see the hunger in his eyes
As he traps them with a plan, quite tricky.

Chris Brown

Grade 9

Landrum High School

A FEAR OF VINCENT PRICE

I saw that movie twice
that horrible one with Vincent Price

It gives me a chill
When he gets ready to kill

When he takes the young girl down the stairs
A black cape and top hat he wears

He's ready to put the poison down her throat
there she shivers in her blue overcoat

He puts fear throughout my body
When he's going to kill poor little Dotty

Yes I have a great fear of Vincent Price
I bet I'll never see that movie more than twice

Stuart Smith
Grade 8
Northside Middle School

GHOST STORIES AT MIDNIGHT

The lights are out, we're all in bed.
The others are calm, after what's been said!
The thoughts of ghosts jumble round in my mind!
I rise from my bed, checking carefully what's behind.
I stumble to turn on the lights.
I'm scared of the stories told at Midnight!
About the witch with her head in her hands.
And the trail of blood along in the sand!
I feel and chill and get back into bed.
With a Bible under my pillow, under my head!

Donna Schneider
Grade 8
Aiken Junior High School

EXORCIST

Her room was filled with devilish desires,
to kill, possess, and scream.
Her eyes were glowing red as fire,
I wonder if she felt as though
she was in a ghastly dream.

Dawn Harper

Grade 8

Northside Middle School

My dear inspector,
This is just to mention
That you're really beginning to annoy me.
Every foggy, ruddy night
You send your blasted bobbies out
In futile attempts to sate my lust
Eternally.

I'm actually not so bad a guy.
As you will realize if you will stop trying to kill me
Long enough to think.

It is not as if they were ingenues,
Naive to the ways of the world.
My God! More lecherous beings cannot be found!
Not once has my poniard touched the flesh
Of maiden fair! Not once!

So, in truth, good fellow,
I am solely setting out
To make dear London a better place
For nice men, like us, to live in.
I think you can appreciate the point
My good man, so here I end as
Sincerely yours.

John Adam-Smith alias Jack the Ripper

P.S. I hope you enjoyed Wilma's kidney.
I sent to you. The other was quite delicious.

Kathy Anderegg

Grade 11

Wando High School

DEAR BETSY ROSS

I really would like to thank you for the flag you gave me.
Though I believe it would have been much prettier if you had
made it orange, purple and white.
Orange for George Washington's temper.
Purple for the bruises Abe Lincoln got in the war
And white for the color of my favorite hero, Mark Spitz
And I would like to put a peace sign in the middle of it
And on the side of it write "Love"
Because that is what AMERICA needs.
Thanks again and don't forget my advice.

P.S. Do you have any cute sons?

Debbie Sullivan, 11
South Pine St. Elementary

A LETTER TO BOSCO

Now I'm sitting here with
my legs crossed
And a blue bird just
popped up to my
window and it
Seems like he had a
sign on his neck
Carrying a name, "Bosco."

So that reminds me
of you
It put a thought in my head that you were
messing with another black sister

But let me tell you that
You are going to suffer the consequences
Cause where you mess up you shall clean up

When this broad comes back in town
That blue bird will go
Down, down, down
Now dig on it.

Karen B. G. Dickey, 16
Willow Lane School

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, MISS JONES

Happy Birthday. Miss Jones.
You sure have nice bones.
Your hair is so red
You make me feel dead.
Your uncle name is Fred.
He has a bald head.
He fell from a bed
And got bumps on his head.
He was very scared.
He cried; then, he died.
Happy Birthday. Miss Jones.
I know your uncle is gone
But we still like your bones.

Collaboration Poem

Grade 7

Perry Middle School

POEM

jack
how is everything going
sense you have gotten out
i bet it feels good to be free
i remember you said that
you were going to go straight
and get a job have you gotten
one yet? i will be getting
out soon
i never told you this
before but i wrecked your
car that night no one hit
it when i was in the
store i hit a tree as a matter
afact i hit a couple of trees

your brother

John G. Richards School

HAIKU

Loving you was like
a bathtub with no stopper
I could never be filled

Debbie Bagwell
Grade 12
Wren High School

A LETTER TO THE WHITE MAN

Dear White Man.

I thought you were my friend
You always came around
You always told me things you wouldn't tell anyone else
You always gave me things that I needed
White Man, you told me you wanted to be Black
You said you wanted a Black Woman to love
You said you wanted to stay with me
White Man, I trusted you
Then you lied to me
It hurt
I can't believe you any more. White Man
I should have told you . . .
White Man it takes soul to be Black
And you don't have it
Sorry, White Man
You got angry
We argued
I cursed you out
Now we dislike each other
I thought there were different White people
Like there's different Black people
But I see I was wrong
White Man I hate you now
So, listen White Man, don't come around
I don't need you no more.
Only thing I can do is use you.

Your Black Woman

Vanessa Anderson
Willow Lane School

A LETTER OF HONOR

Attention Mr. King:

I really would like to say first of all

You're one of the most intelligent black Americans of
our land

Even though I am not black

I feel proud to hear the mere mention of your name

You've really done a lot for God's people

Both black and white

You've showed them all the hassles

And unpleasant things in this life

I was really impressed with your famous promised land

Even though we haven't found it yet

I'm sure the dream still dwells

In the heart of man

I am sorry we've never met

There's really a lot I'd have to say

So here my brother are just a few:

I'd really appreciate it

If you would consent to someday

In your promised land

Holding hands along with all the rest of our brothers
and sisters

Sing my favorite song

We Shall Overcome

And once again march across this land

Libby Creel, 16

Willow Lane School

i live and feel my multi colored world
silver crystalline seas.
this forest is indigo with olive trees
and each animal has it's own hue.
the sky is bright orange with big blue polka-dot suns.
the night sky turns luscious.
ruby red with millions of green stars
and a huge ebony moon.
but people make my world beautiful.
each person has a color of his own.
and here a person is just a person.

Nina Hickson

Grade 9

Belleville Junior High School

PICTURE YOURSELF

Picture yourself as a beast in a forest
with purple haze moss floating round in the air
A mirror of concrete appears by the garden
of melon shaped anvils. a fantasy fare

Picture yourself as a god in a kingdom
of red six leaf clovers and towers of green
Think of a mountain of tangerine gumdrops
with pillars of fire. a city serene

Scott Hampton

Grade 9

Dent Junior High School

NATURE

The moon is like a faded sun.
From upon a mountain
the trees look like grass.
A grass hopper is like green rabbit.
When I threw the little orange glowing ball
into the dark sky
it looked like a comet.
The blue sky looked like the ocean
in the wrong place.
The snow on the ground looked like cotton.
When the wind blows
it is like the biggest fan in the world.
When a rabbit runs
it's like a comet.

Alfred Jessee

Unit 500

Lonnie B. Nelson School

alone i see the sun streaked sky
falling on evening
my music fills quiet valleys and blends
with the beauty of the landscape
i live in the mountains
alone i capture brilliant colors of fall
and color the mountains ancient tree
i long to change season from season
i am the feeling of the painter

Gayle Poore

Grade 12

Greenwood High School

A SILENCE

Dry wind whistles over the dry land,
Around the broken monuments,
And down the vacant streets of shattered glass.

This is the dead men's land, and these their bones.
Their silence is as deep as that of stones.
Big rats scurry through the streets alone.

Yet young girls used to smile here, ambling on,
Laughing, full of life and full of fun.
But warm bodies and fresh faces have all passed.

A voiceless, hollow echo fills the halls
And settles in shadows of crumbling walls.
A silent moan lies heavy on the wind.

Where are all the seeds that we had sown?
What has happened to the life that we had known?
No lips are left to tell, no eyes to blink.

Time trickles on, yet no one knows.
There are no clocks to tick, as silence grows
And whistles in the wind around a bone.

Benny Cain

Grade 12

Southside High School

WHAT I AM

An owl
wise and simple
quiet, or screeching after its prey
catching what it needs
if it can
that's me.

David Berg

Grade 9

Dent Junior High School

MY CAT

My cat was orange & white.
It's name was Tiger.
I didn't love that cat much
Because it bit me.
It was a dumb cat
And kept on getting in the road
And getting run over 5 times.
Tiger got hit
We thought he never would die.
Or had 9 lives
So we left him down in Miami.

Melanie Dawson, 11

South Pine St. Elementary

MY BROTHER

I've looked at him before
Yet never seen his ways
I've listened to him talk
Though I've yet to hear his words
To look and never see
To listen and never hear
how inhuman can we be?

(Though we've all tried hard
He's only Black to me)

Isabelle Walden

Landrum High School

SUDDENLY

Suddenly I go floating into the air—
Drifting, moving with the breeze.
As I ascend, the warmth of
the summer sun overcomes me.
Slowly the heat begins to
work its magic spell.
Its fiery fingers reach down
and grasp me.
With one small squeeze the
last breath leaves me
And slowly I start my
descent—
Landing on the awaiting plot—
Just another piece of trash.

Donna Hooks

Grade 12

Dreher High School

I wish I was a cornstalk
so beautiful, tall and green.
I would use golden tassel for my hair.
Every morning I would be awoken
by the great, big, red rooster
so proud and dignified
on its high post crowing.

Mark Mazurek

Grade 5

York Road Elementary

MY MOTTO

I play it cool and dig
All jive—, That's the
reason I stay alive.
My motto as I live and learn
Is dig and be dug in return.

Cassandra Bryant

Grade 8

Perry Middle School

MISS BLUESES BLUES CHILD

if these blues would let me
lord knows i would smile
if these blues would let me
i would smile, smile, smile
instead i'm cryin
i'm miss blueses blues child

you my moon baby
you my wishing star
you my moon baby
you my wishing star
you know i'd try to catch you
but you gone so very far

now my days are lonely
and nighttime drives me wild
now my days are lonely
and nighttime drives me wild
in my heart i'm cryin
cause i'm miss blueses
blue blue child

Shirley Hilliard

Grade 9

Belleville Junior High School

My person is torn between two things
It feels like a cement block
My mind wants to sing the blues
But my body's hooked on rock.

Don Russell

Grade 11

Hartsville High School

RIDER OF THE WIND

The blood red tides boil green with envy
along the fiery shoals,
Seperating the ever-living fields from the land
of long dead souls.
The rider is a spirit given freedom to roam,
One who is older than time,
And has never called any world home.

Johnny Lott
Grade 11
Greenwood High School

I AM NOT

i am not going to write of churches
for
it is a forbidden (descent)
Opinions are *HELL*
and silence (clink clink) heaven
and you have got to make
an appearance (senators mayors principals)
expected to—must
(clink clink) \$24 dollars today
send ten to CARE five to HOPE
when
down the street (in that "other" part a' town)
absence of both
i agree with our ancestor's greatgreat
uncle's cousin since he founded
this place only 400000 years ago
(clink clink)
"Molasses to rum to slaves"
200 years later
but
i am not going to write of churches (for)
it is forbidden

Mark Charney
Grade 12
Palmetto High School

NIGHTLIGHT

No longer four, I wind with circle of sheets
Tuned to the hum of the light

Past the holidays' fall-line I still believe in the dark
Have seen it slide through the glass
Have felt it over the ceiling
Have heard it tighten the slats in my bed.

And I widen the edge of my eyes
I funnel the night to a room full of shelves

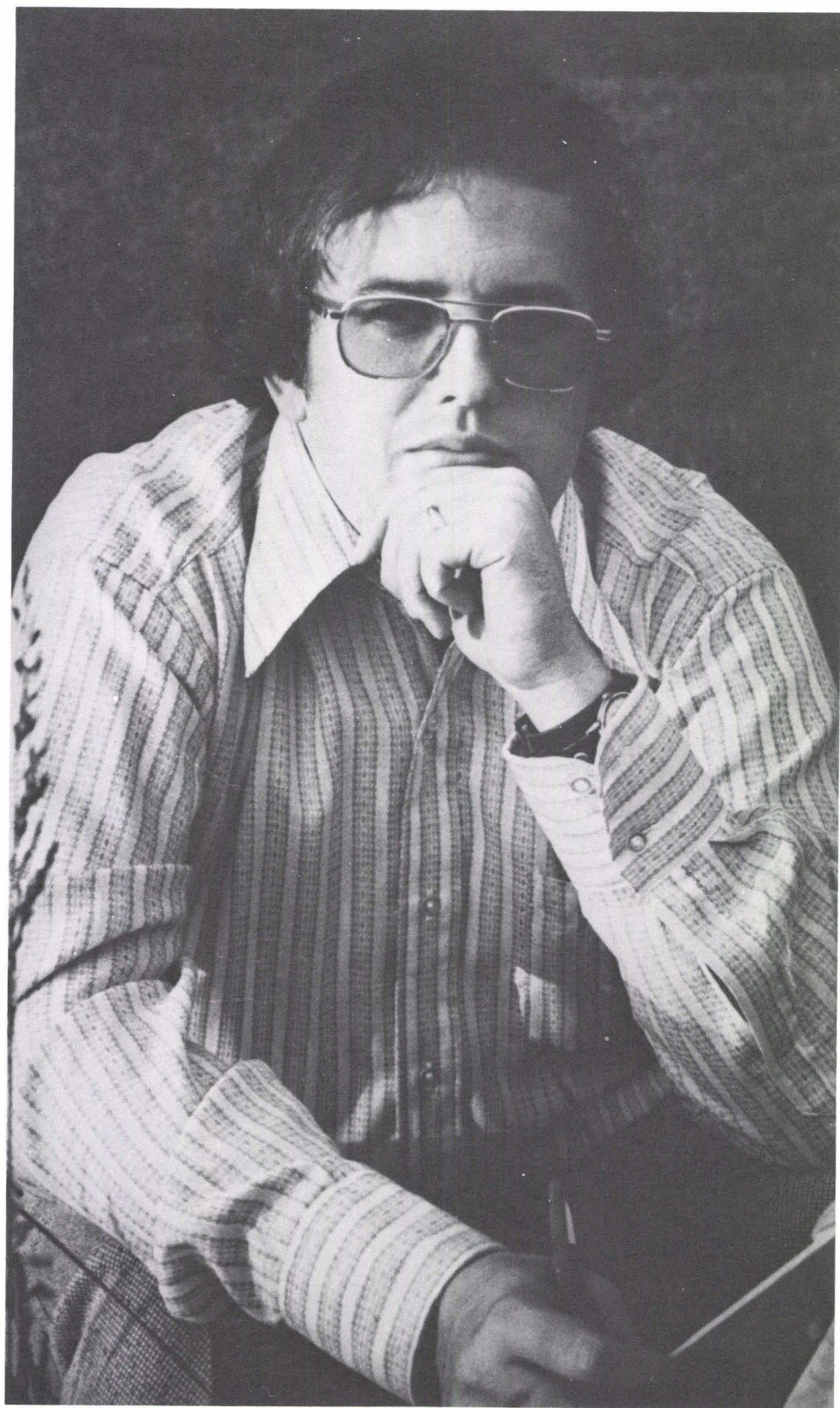
The closet is safe with guaranteed bulbs
eyesaving circles and spires

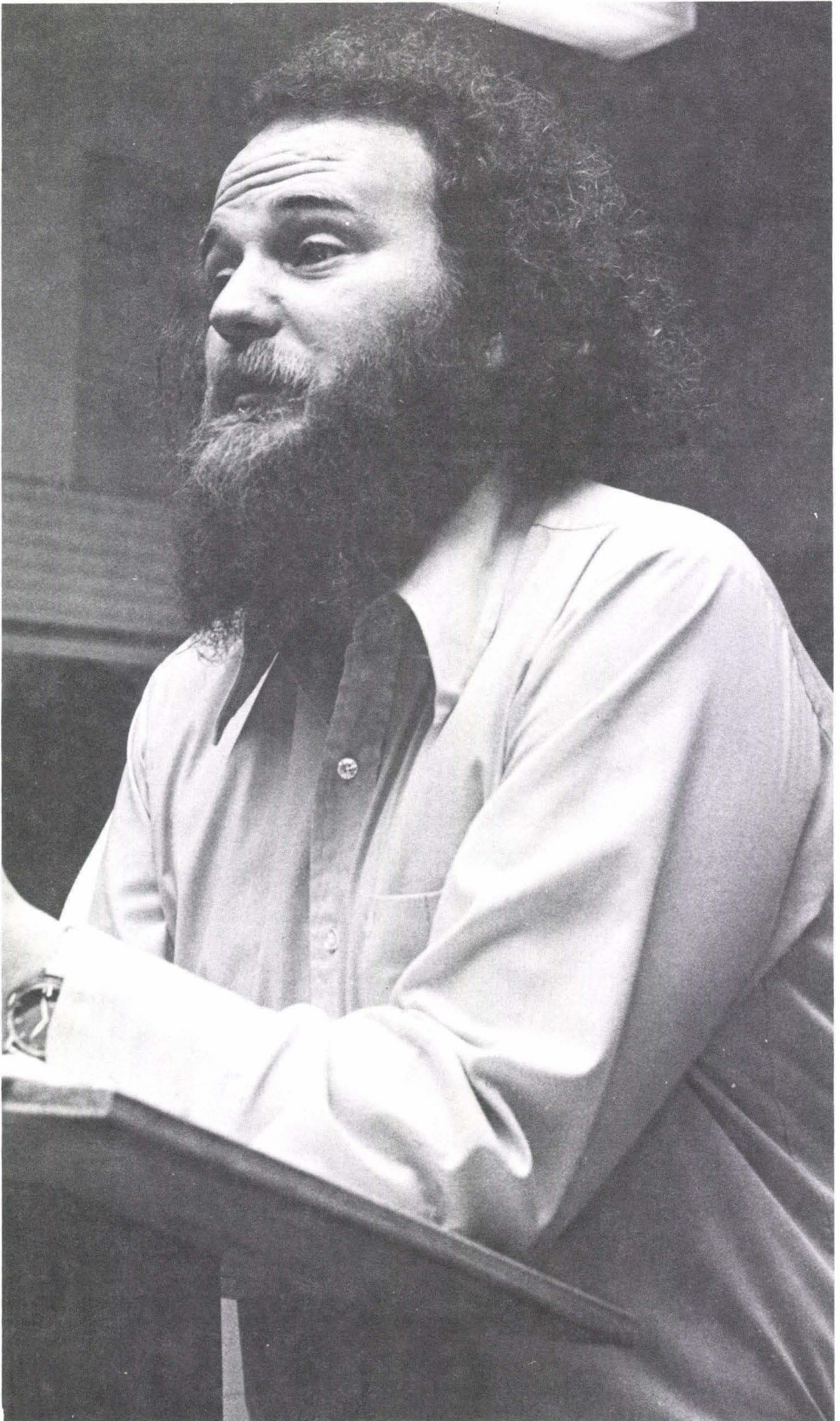
Holding the sheet to my mouth
I box up the day with my room

No longer four, I chew on my age.

Franklin Ashley

FRANKLIN ASHLEY is associate professor of English at USC-Aiken. His poems have appeared in several literary magazines, and he has published articles in *Harper's* and *New Times*. Ashley has just been named as Master Poet for the Indiana Arts Commission.





SHARKS WHILE SWIMMING

Lore would have him master
of that realm, where helmsmen
mates, and feckless hands tell

of his feral foraging. An arm,
a leg; once half a man was seen
to disappear to jaws he never

felt. A shark while swimming
knows nothing of this legend. Blood
smelt and tasted is his only

knowledge. Dumb to dawns and
sunsets, he serves his chatteldom
with fierce devotion. Some

sound, some thrashing motion, will
call the million years of now
into his body. Strike! Circle...

Strike! And still the moment's
meal will bring no rest. A shark
while swimming must seek protective

waters, dark and plankton fested.
There, fugitive from his own death
he takes what leisure he will ever know.

Threading, threading endlessly
through sleepless depths, crude toil
drives this shore-starved Sisyphus.

Dale Alan Bailes

from Sharks While Swimming

DALE ALAN BAILES recently published a chapbook entitled *Sharks While Swimming*. He is the author of one other book and the editor of three anthologies of student poetry. A businessman from Columbia, Bailes is serving as Master Poet for the South Carolina Arts Commission during 1974.

THE MOONTIDE BLUE

the blue rising of the moontide
shatters the coastal sand
all along the moontide
vanishes the crumbling land
a hand among the wave
reaches for drowning dreams
of time; of age; of calendars
it reaches among the screams
as the blue rising of the moontide
shatters the coastal sand
and all along the moontide
vanishes the crumbling land

James Graves

Grade 12

Greenwood High School

THE LONGEST HIT

Running along a deserted beach
That was lost in time and space.
I saw a toy shovel and beach ball.
They were almost covered by sand
And lying beside a slowly dissolving sand castle.
As I looked at them the sun pierced my head
And then as if lit-up by the sun
I visioned an old and nearly forgotten memory
Of days when children laughed and summers were long
When people stopped to notice you and to love you.
I was happy with my memory
And would have gladly lived my dream for eternity
But then the sun flickered on the western horizon.
My memory flickered with the sun.
And I knew it was time for me to go.
The sun was almost down behind the trees.
The sand turned to cold mud.
As I staggered on I knew I must hurry
For there was only a fleeting moment of light left
And as long as there was light I would run.

James Robert May

Grade 9

Saluda High School

POEM

Why did you leave me like
the waves rolling out to sea?

I sat there and watched you fade
as the sun fades against the blue
sky; your hair golden rays against
the dunes.

When I called my voice was
carried out to sea, destined to follow
you for evermore.

Mike Bailey

Grade 11

Wando High School

Interrupted peace:
as a wild wet waterfowl
unzips the still lake

Danny Abel

Grade 12

Porter-Gaud School

VISITATION

Like the unceasing glare of the eye of God
The hot sun bakes the earth
The flowers in the field I'm walking through
Are wilted in the midday heat.
From the boiling sun to the shadowy forest
I walk among the trees.
In the shadows of the mighty oaks
That have stood for a thousand years.

High on the side
of a mountain of stone
the mouth of a cave
looms dark and sad:
Silently, steadily, calling me back
to the past I never had.

David Goldman

Grade 11

Greenwood High School

MINIMUM HIGH

Grouped around the needlepoint throne,
Floating on seas of tomato juice
and sherry and scents of turkey
then creamed chicken for young
and old.

Reminiscences for everyone.
Dirty dishes, football games, and naps
Silence, cold pecan pie and biscuits.

Becky Meriwether
Grade 9
Heathwood Hall

THE BUTTERFLY

The butterfly is a beautiful thing,
For he doesn't count months—but moments.

Ellen Winn, 9
Sea Pines Academy

RIDING IN THE COUNTRY

Riding out into the deep country on a warm day
Recalls a feeling wished for again.
There in between my parents, in the
Front seat of the golden 4-door Dodge,
I barely had room to turn my head.
And piled behind me were the rest of my family.
Laughing at the lack of room, but liking it at the same time.
Everyone at home. I like it like that.
Especially when you are so close together
Until everyone can touch each other.
Rides into the country like that one, are worth
All the days when you are the only one at home.

Julia Coleman
Grade 12
Saluda High School

POEM

A week before, they had asked me to sit
by his bed through the night
But I cried and they had to replace me.
Then on my twelfth birthday they buried
him
And a part of me.

In the three years after that I watched my
grandmama slowly die.
She wept a lot and it was hard for her
to look at his things.
He had been so strong and she needed him
now and
In the summer of my fifteenth year they
buried her
And part of me.

Now when the summer comes I don't visit
their old home.
I don't run through tobacco fields or eat
egg pies.
Instead I load the lawn mower into our station
wagon and place the plastic flowers on
the seat beside me
And go to visit their new home.

Charlene Moore

Grade 12

Hannah-Pamplico High School

JUST TO REMEMBER

My grandfather would step out boldly
into the street
No rubbers would he have upon his feet
No umbrella by his side just a hat upon
his head
My grandfather far be it from him
to start complaining
He wouldn't get wet because it
wasn't raining.

Robert Wells

Grade 10

Hannah-Pamplico High School

A LEARNING EXPERIENCE

Brown, wrinkled, worn, caressed, caressing hands.
Light, thin, creating:
My Grandmother's hands.
Yarn, colored, soft, now, alive, living
In those hands:
Teaching me how
I watch those hands weave the colors
I see their honest movements
Peace and simplicity
I look at the old hands repeat the pattern
Then I look into the old woman's face
Joy and beauty
I know the secret, I have learned

Kim Bulcken

Grade 11

Spring Valley High School

My aunt makes me as comfortable as
a naked cowboy running through cactus plants.
Her glance is like two drill bits eating away
at my face.
Her tone is as edgy as a butcher knife.
Her smile is as phoney as the one the kid
gives the lady when she gives him 5¢
for sweeping the driveway.

Robby Philp

Grade 10

Keenan High School

BOYS

What do you think of boys?
Are they like toys in a toy box?
I'll say they're like
a mouthful of
tooth decay.

Willette Coleman

Unit 400

Lonnie B. Nelson School

A CHILD'S MORNING

Deserted sandboxes sogging
wet with morning's drizzle rain—
again. Children, snoozing, pryed
from their loved dream land
 of tall white castles
 stretching highways
 and lumpy frog houses.
Snuggly curled between thick
cotton quilts, they are awakened to crackling bacon
 bubbling chocolate
 and Monty's rascals.

Susan Hall

Grade 11

Greenwood High School

FIELD TRIP: PLANETARIUM

As we walked into the dark room
the lights went out and we saw
the stars and the moon
and there was galaxies just
like pinwheels
The the lights came on and
we saw ourselves again.

Lisa Wald

Donna Garland

Grade 6

South Pine St. Elementary

TIME IN SCHOOL

Time in school is like a supersonic jet.
It flies at supersonic speeds, when it flies.
But spends most of the time,
grounded and standing still.

Douglas Poston

Grade 12

Hannah-Pamplico High School

OUR POET

We have a nice poet:
with our class this week—
She taught us how to write HAIKUS:
She does not sneak—
Through a poem
She just joins
in!

David Pelfry

Grade 6

South Pine St. Elementary

HYPERBOLE

To exaggerate things to make a point
Is sometimes lots of fun.
A car that's going at least a hundred.
A box that weighs a ton.
The man next door that's ten feet tall
Is really only six:
The hyperboles your mind puts out
Are just it playing tricks.
But always let your ego loose
Or else you will not see
The pleasure and convenience
Of a small hyperbole.

James Roys

Grade 11

Spring Valley High School

A rifle
is like a man
that blows his top
when you pull! his foot.
He lets out a yell.
blows his top
and right after that
his skinny head smokes!

Eddie Cranford

Grade 6

York Road Elementary

YESTERDAY

Yesterday I went to the moon.
It looked just like a yellow balloon.
It is so big and round,
Can you believe it won't fall down?

Trena Thompson

Grade 5

Bennettsville Elementary

I'M SITTING IN A CLASSROOM

I'm sitting in a classroom
staring out the window
and all at once I feel a gloom
because of what it looks like now

I'm sitting in a classroom
staring out the window
and thinking what the world
probably used to be.

Shiney silver old fashion cars
big 1¢ chocolate bars
children running and playing
and green trees swaying

The world was nice
not full of hatred
the room full with the smell of spice
and the cross still sacred.

I'm sitting in a classroom
staring out the window
and all at once I feel a gloom
because of what it looks like now.

Tom Provost

Grade 7

Beck Middle School

ATTIC REFLECTIONS

seawinds blowing
dust in dark corners
waves beating against my soul
discarded clothes
knees in the sand
... a wrinkled map

my finger on the continent's coast
my life in the attic

J. Metropol
Dreher High School

LIGHT OF RESCUE

I wandered down life's highway
So aimlessly and lost
My heart was gnarled and broken
My head was all aloft

Each day was just another
On this blank and lonely road
No one cared to hear me
To help relieve my load

I thought that all was useless
Until the long lane turned
As a great light shone before me
My soul inside me churned.

The light was one of rescue
My lips quirked in a grin,
For all my life I'd searched
And finally found a friend.

Debbie Brown
Landrum High School

FEAR OF DOGS

It was when I was small
The world was full of dogs
with their repulsive smell
and huge sharp teeth.

They would come from everywhere under the sun
and they would catch me and hurt me
if I didn't run.

They were always after me
waiting outside my door
and in the other room
Just waiting to knock me to the floor.

Bruce Banks

Grade 8

Northside Middle School

SAD MEMORY

Paint cracks off the dead walls.
Once I had lived here.
Each crack was a scar of my past.
I loved my past.
my future so dim.
I wish I could paint this house again.

Harry Gregorie

Grade 12

Porter-Gaud School

I AM LIKE A BOWLING PIN

I am like a bowling pin; short, stout, but strong.
Throw it at me, anything. I'll come back standing.
I'll take it a hundred times.
I may chip.
I may crack.
but I'll never be shattered.

Bryan Spicer

Grade 9

Dent Junior High School

ROSEMARY DANIELL lives in Atlanta, and is addicted to kids, the South, and poetry. She has worked in poetry programs in three states, and currently directs the Georgia Arts Council's poetry program. Her work has recently appeared in *New York Quarterly*.

IMPRINT

*Because of imprint, the creature
becomes attached to another,
in or out his species—usually
the first known.* So the calves

of my legs, my skirt edge, my hand
coming down with the dish of milk,
become, for the kitten, love—
she purrs and kneads my hair

at night. As I dream two clear
blue eyes, a small mole, some short
blonde curls; skating till dark on
holidays. And wake, thinking *Troy*.

Rosemary Daniell





BATTERED CHILDREN

There are battered children
who have never had a hand laid on them.
I watch them as they hover on the edge
of circling children.
Sometimes I brush against one crouched
outside the half-cracked door
to felt experience.
I think I sense their bruises most
the times I see them stand in line
to try to purchase tickets to life-things
that are free.

Grace Beacham Freeman

GRACE BEACHAM FREEMAN edits the *Winthrop College Alumni Magazine*, and has published fiction, articles, and poetry in numerous magazines, ranging from *Redbook* to *South Carolina Review*. A one-act play was produced recently by the Charlotte Little Theatre.

WHEN I USED TO LIVE IN PROSPECT

When I used to live in Prospect
The rain would come softly down
The wind would whisper in trees
In that Pennsylvania town.
The snow would fall the winter long
in that tiny unmapped town.
And in the night the howling wind
was the only thriving sound.
A few years later the town got bigger
and wasn't it a pity, for tiny little
Prospect has grown into a city.

Steve Christley

Grade 8

Northside Middle School

REST TIME

Highpoint is a big city she thinks
Stay in the house all day
Until time to go to work go to college
Busy all day don't get no rest
Clean the house and cook
Then go to work housewife
Get a job
Come down to Bennettsville every weekend
Drive back up again
Wash her thick black hair
Her brown eyes.

Jackie Watson

Grade 5

Bennettsville Elementary

MANHATTAN

City of lights—of reverberating music
Of bold laughter
And quiet sobbing
Of wonderful smells
And people of the night
With a personality of its own
Created by, and loved by, man

Central Park
A paradise in the center of a neon heaven
Chock full of mammoth rocks, poodles,
And babies in carriages
All sheltered by leafy, green giants

Nathan's
Pavilion of hot dogs
Drenched with the smell of cheese and
Onions and clams
And flooded with urgent people
On one-hour lunch breaks

Broadway
Beckoning to everyone
To tourists and playgoers
And to aspiring actors
Whose fragile hearts you shatter
Without a pang of guilt

Macy's
Don't you ever get tired of the rush?
But no, I suppose you don't
For your window-pane eyes see all
From the richest to the poorest
And you do not distinguish
Between them

Statue of Liberty
I saved you till last
For you are the dearest
Your skin is green with age
Yet no wrinkles mar your brow
The story you tell is an old one
Yet your unfaltering gaze
Has sent patriotic tingles through many a spine
And the torch you never drop
Shines brighter than any other
In the ever-changing universe
Of Manhattan

Della McNeill
Camden Middle School

WHITE FRONT

after the painting by Jasel Albers

White, clean and pure
the soft white look of clouds.
But under the whiteness dwells a different world
Shadows, triangles, and dark gloomy pain
The humans best kept secret,
The world inside of a world.
The hate and fears hidden so long.
Until they simply become a shape.

Penny Thenell

Grade 9

Bennettsville Junior High School

OMNIBUS LIFE IN LONDON

after the painting by W.M. Egley

I was on a bus going somewhere
It was hot that day
Everyone pushing at one time trying
to get on
Everyone smelling like a musk rat
I couldn't wait to get off

I was in a rush but I couldn't
make the bus go any faster
Everyone had boxes, baskets and everything
in the way
The baby hollering about he's hungry

Finally the bus came to a stop
Everyone pushing to get on and
some pushing to get
off
I remember to walk the next time
or wait

Barbara Murphy

Grade 9

Bennettsville Junior High School

FORCES OF A STREET

after Boccioni

They rise, these buildings.
like towering giants, over me.
There are a million people
Yet, I am alone.
The rays of light shine
From the inconspicuous windows
As a warm August day.
And yet it is dark!
But how is it that I see
In the shadows there,
A terrifying loneliness
That I've not seen before?

Donna Barwig

Grade 9

Bennettsville Junior High School

CITY

A concrete forest about me
spreads
With endless boundaries
While monsters made of
metal
Crawl bout their worn gray
paths.
Their flashing eyes
Threaten me
As the night descends
And I,
Alone,
Without a friend
Seek comfort in my cave.

Terri Wilson

Grade 8

Northside Middle School

INDIAN GIRL

If I were an Indian
My name would be "Girl of the Sun"

I would live on the top of a hill
Where the sun shines always
I would hunt in the dark forest

I would creep through the woods
Without making a sound.
I would silently watch a family of deer
I would have a canoe
With a sun on its sides
I would quietly paddle across the pond

I would help my mother
To sew up the tepee
And make our clothes
We would fish together
And cook together

Because my name is "Girl of the Sun"
And my family loves me
I could pick the swiftest and prettiest horse
I would ride through the green grass
With my black braids flapping behind me.

My horse and I would drink
From clear blue streams that sparkle in the sun
And trickle over rocks
We would roam over hills
Meeting many people of different tribes

But we would never linger
For the free life is ours
And sleep, out under the stars.

**Jewell, Lynn, Martha,
Jacquelyn, Ann—Age 11**
Camden Middle School

IF I WERE A FOX

If I were a fox
I would wear blue sox
It would be dangerous
For a rabbit to come by

I would like to eat lunch
With a rabbit.

Frankie Pfohl
Grade 5
Camden Elementary

I wish I were a spider.
With all my stringy legs
I could run here and there faster
than any three-legged bear.
My beautiful white silk I would spin
and then
I'd take my beautiful silk to Japan
and show it to the silk worms.

Mili Ballard
Grade 6
York Road Elementary

THE THUNDER

The thunder rumbles
like the roll of a drum.
If only I could make noise like that—
Just a little, just some.

Adrian Aldrick
Grade 4
Camden Elementary

THREE WISHES

I wish I was a genie
so I could sleep in a bottle.
I would like to have magic
and have a lot of fun.
First I would blink myself
to Chicago for my cousin's wedding.
Then I'd play in the snow.
It would be fun to be a genie,
but I'd like to be me, too.

I wish I was a pencil
so I could read and write.
I'd write so many poems
you couldn't hold me.
If you like poems,
write with me!

I wish I was an ant
so I could crawl under the ground.
I would like to live with giants
walking all around.
They live in castles.
It would be fun to be an ant.

Kathy Olson
Grade 4
York Road Elementary

IF I WAS AN ANIMAL

If I was a tiger
I would chase deer
I would chase antelope

And I would chase Peter
I would chase Gregg
I would chase Frankie

I would chase a Rebel
I would chase a Yankee!

Todd Murphy
Grade 4
Camden Elementary

THE TIGER

Once there was a tiger
who lived in the sea.
Twenty-four hours a day
he would roar and fight
the ocean floor
He would get scared
and run back
and forth
and spit
something like cotton
then cover it up.
When a storm came,
it would fight and fight
until the storm
ran away in fright.

Brian Bell

Grade 6

York Road Elementary

A HAIR

I am a hair
All oiled with care
I grew up so straight
But now used for bait
I was born on a tail
A tail of a horse
And boy how it would sail
I eventually fell out
And was found of course
But now I'm in the water
Dressed up like a bug
Then all at once it's darker
And I feel quite a tug

Tom Provost

Grade 8

Beck Middle School

BUGS

Those crawly things that pinch and bite.
are large and small and black and white.
I hate those things that creep and crawl.
They get on my nerves, and make me bawl.
They live in two-story houses and rugs.
I hate those crawly things, called bugs.

Miriam McWhite

Grade 9

Hannah-Pamplico High School

VAMPIRE FROG

He swoops up from the lily pads
To jab his white fangs in your neck.
And his damp green feet in your ear.

Lee Rogers

Grade 9

Palmetto High School

BOYS CHOIR

Have you ever heard that noise that noise that sounds like
a frog outside your window?
Well don't worry it's only the Boy's Choir down the street.
They go Blaa when they move.
And grr when they stop.
And whosh-bang when they stand still.
Us girls don't know just what they are.
And I guess we never will!

Kay Owens, 11

South Pine St. Elementary

MY WARDROBE OF STRINGS

My strings are different colors
The white one I make Jacob's Ladder
Because it defines diamonds

I use the yellow in making Witch's Broom
It reminds me of a naughty witch flying
On a very moony Halloween

My last string which is gray
I use that in Cutting My Neck
Because of the axe handle, grayish.

Szeldia D. Kollock

Grade 6

Bennettsville Elementary

BRACES

Railroad tracks in your mouth
Traveling both north and south;
Popping on the rubber bands,
Biting off the dentist's hands.
Brush your teeth four times a day,
Ask your dentist, his decayed.
Keep that silver sparkling clean,
Watch those choppers, are they mean!
Toothbrush, paste, and water pik,
Without these you'll sure be sick
Kiss your feller, don't get hung,
Call your dentist, come unstrung.
After it's been two long years
Tear them off, three big cheers!

Donna Fowler

Grade 10

Wren High School

I'M PROUD TO BE AN AMERICAN

I'm proud to be an American
I'm happy to be free
If I were a little dog
I would wish that Nixon
and Congress was a tree

Charlie Lowe

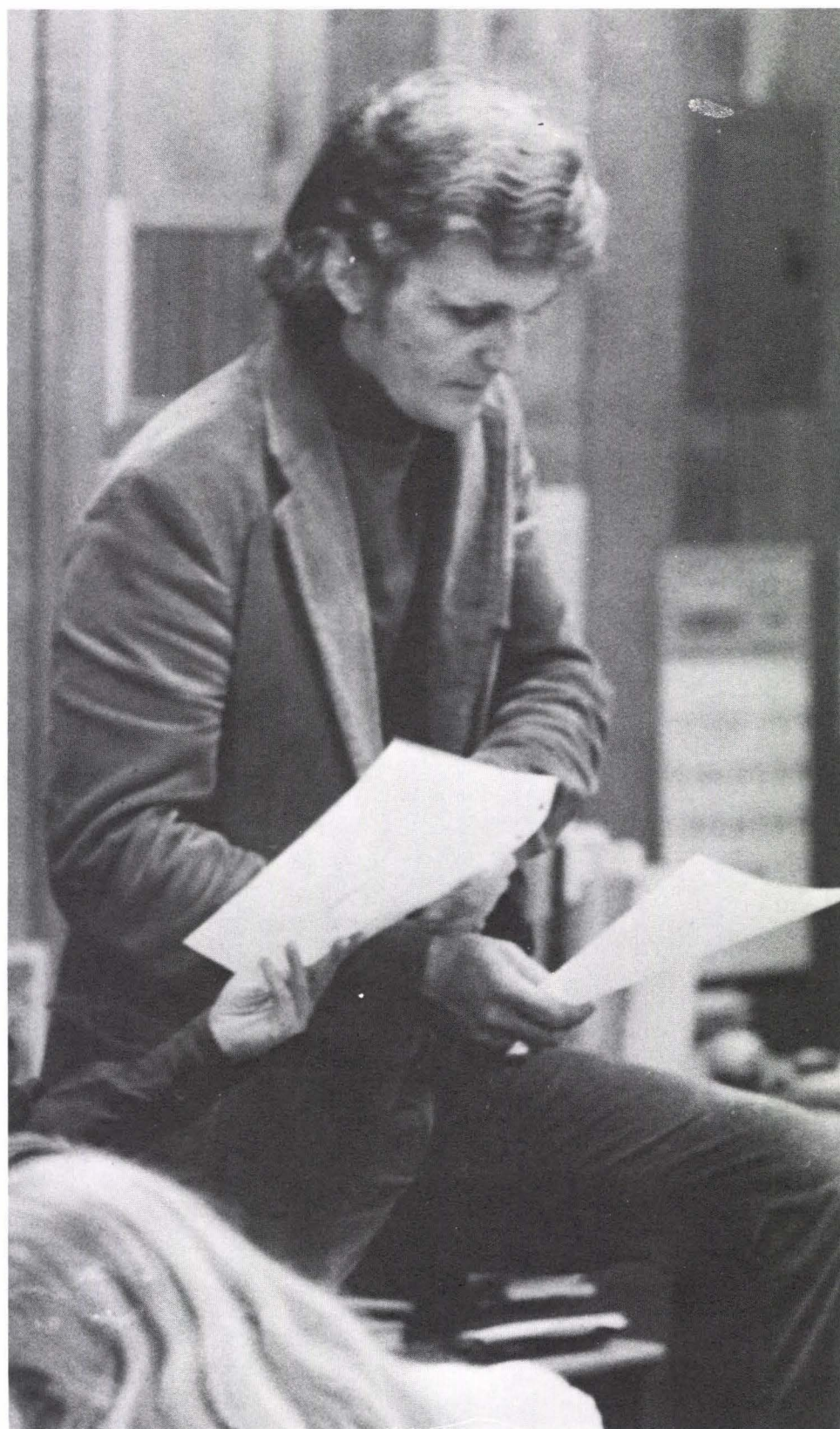
Kennedy Jr. High School

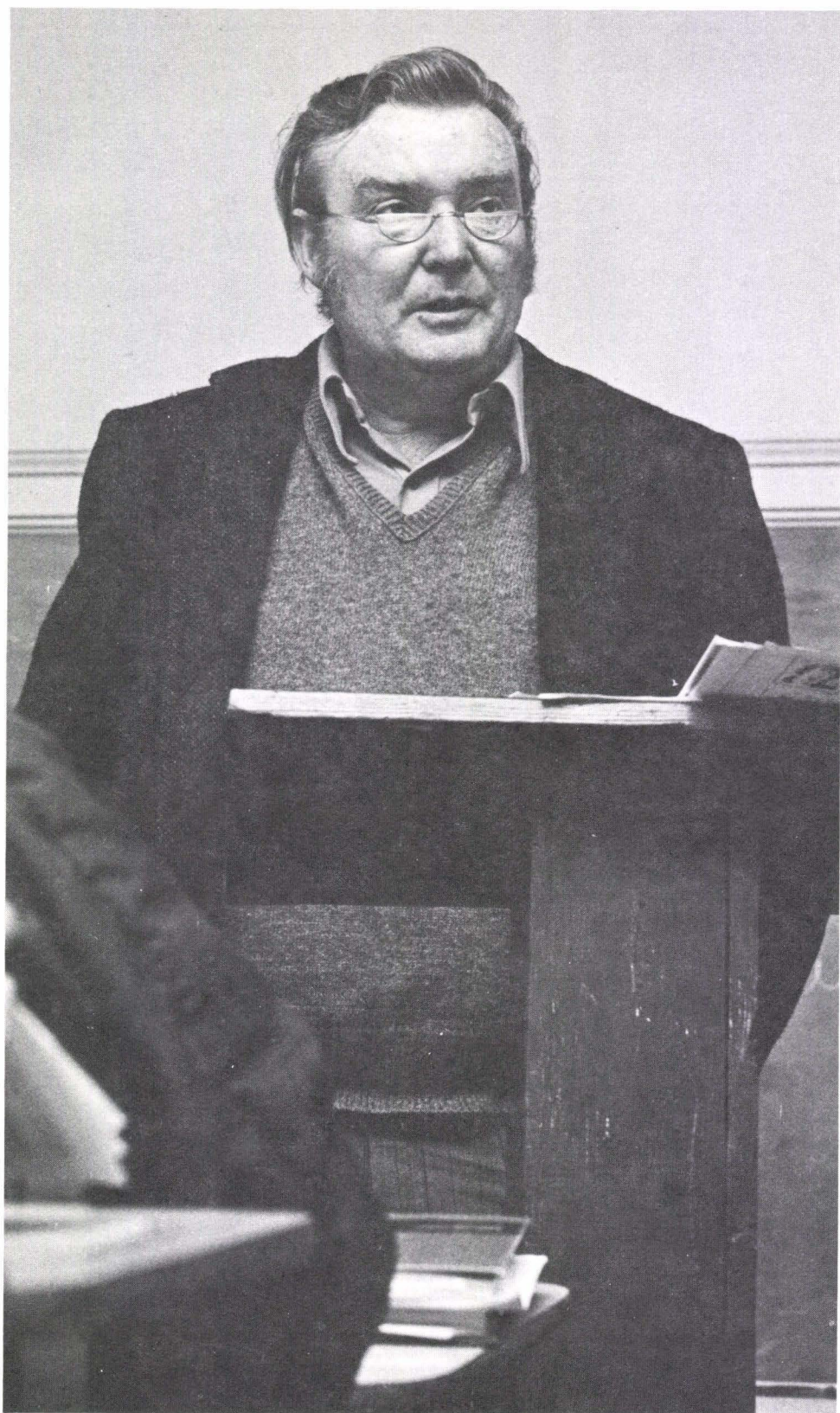
WALTER GRIFFIN has been published widely in such magazines as *The Atlantic Monthly*, *Harper's*, and *Evergreen Review*. He was associated with Project TAP during the 1973-74 school year. Griffin lives in Atlanta, where he directs the Atlanta Poets Workshop.

THAT SEMESTER

We were in the leaping
of those constant days.
crowded in the library among
wet coats and books
and eyeglasses fogged
from each other's breath:
When I got my seaman's papers
you said goodbye without
mention of books or poems.
Was it your grave that
I saw on the subway in
the bone white smile
of the toothpaste advertisement?
Forty-Second Street is yellow.
my hands are blue and
the circles under my eyes
are clocks without hands.

Walter Griffin





FROM VIRGINIA

Before I began I had all there is
Now I don't know where
I go or smell like a wet shot
I call myself and preen
I am sweet and love
I know how long it takes meat to rot
I keep and spare
I'm what my father whipped with whips
I'm what my mother wept
I'm my brother's nails
because I eat with my fingers
before his blue-eyed children
Sister suffers me for kindness

If a man thought he was understood
he's a fool and should live in pain
If he thought he was loved
the flash came quick and I wasn't
long in Shenandoah's soft dale
Did this other with winked eyes squirt it?
How dense was her body when it found its way?
Lie out, lie out, surround grass
with little blue fists
Sweet swayback round!
I pool in her nerves and swig
Yes is the muscle of the blind flower
Yes opens the mouth of the dreamer
Yes is suck and tart of laughter

I woke and told cold light
this is the way to see
I wanted to tell about
but got sidetracked
I go in the Valley
It's my time
I sleep anyplace over
One morning a clock in Winchester
told my crimes to the Greyhound riders
I looked around but saw no blood

Robert Hazel

ROBERT HAZEL, poet-farmer of Laurel Springs in North Carolina, is the author of *Poems 1951/61* and *American Elegies*.

YOU ARE A PART OF ME

You are a part of me
I do not know by what slow chemistry you first became
A vital fiber of my being
Go beyond the rim of time or even space
The same inflections of your voice will still sing
In the depths of my mind
Your hair will gleam as bright the artless play
Your words and glance
Gestures and the fair young fingers
Have too deeply etched the pattern of your
Soul on mine
Forget me quickly as a laughing picture
Sketched on water
I shall never regret
Knowing no magic
Ever can set free
That part of you that is a part of me

Donna Grey, 15
Willow Lane School

Here
Hold my hand
Let me touch you
There is
Nothing
We can
Say . . . your
Soul
Eludes me
when I reach
out
Your eyes resent
my need to know
you!
Here
Hold my hand
since
there is nothing
we can
say
Because I am Woman

Cynthia Harris, 16
Willow Lane School

He entered my soul last night.
Not for the first time; second.
Taking my hand, he took me to the vineyard.
He reached for a grape, but there were none.
His face looking frightened
I reached for him.
Grapes.

Martha White

Grade 12

Hannah-Pamplico High School

SAGITTARIUS

why do we walk
along the beach
searching for something
so far out of reach?

will our talk
far past dawn
recover something
too far gone?

perhaps it's over.
no one to blame
just something that happened
need it be named?

James Graves

Grade 12

Greenwood High School

FROM WHENCE CAME THE LILIES AND THE MOTHS

A girl once wept upon
The stony heart of a man,
And his rocky soul shattered.
Where the fragments touched the ground
They became lilies;
In the air they were
The fluttering moths.

Deborah Bookert

Dreher High School

CONVERSATION

Your words smile at me; they have
no other meaning. The nouns and
verbs and grammars are too heavy
to stay aloft. They fall to the
bottom, but the smile is light and
floats to my ear.

Keith McAdams

Grade 12

Spring Valley High School

LOVE

love is as simple as life. as serious as death
the small dimple on your cheek fades
sweet as the sun rising at the coming of dawn.
you are the sun, the moon, the stars
you are eternity
you are the beginning of my life.

Elaine Puckett

Grade 12

Greenwood High School

WHO IS SHE

beautiful lady
your hair shines in the sun
your body caresses air and sky
i have come to speak
of worshipping you
beautiful lady
you disappear by the sea

Edgar Allan Barfield

Grade 12

Greenwood High School

HUMPTY DUMPTY

You look like an egg.
You are round and white
and you say you have
a hard shell.
But I know better.
On the inside you are
yellow and mushy,
and one day someone
will say something that
will hurt you
and you will crack.

Karen Poston

Grade 12

Hannah-Pamplico High School

MY CANDLES

i give up the candles
i watch them melt
perhaps they should.

i would rather die
than light another flame.

i watch the fluid wax reveal
too many smiles too soon gone
i watch the wicks grow cold.

James Graves

Grade 12

Greenwood High School

I SEEM TO BE

I seem to be crazy, crazier than the Mad Hatter
and . . . I am

I'm full of super golly gee life
and I have to let it out
so I pop around like popcorn

Susie Edwards

Grade 9

Dent Junior High School

ENCOUNTER BETWEEN TWO MARSHMALLOWS

It's very cold.

So I've been told.

David Frantz

Grade 11

Wando High School

I can't write a poem
They require creative imagination
It would give me away
Everyone would know or guess who I really am, what I'm like inside
All this armour and protective camouflage
That I've spent years building
Would be for nought
And they'd know
So you see, I can't write a poem
Or draw a picture
Or make music
Or things like that.

Elizabeth Cheney

Dreher High School

THE DANCE

to dance
is to unbind my soul,
liberate my mind,
free my limbs aching for rest.
to dance is to release through spontaneous movement
the untold ecstasy of the rhythm.
to dance is the core of life.

Denise Hutto

Grade 12

Greenwood High School

BAD LUCK

(based on the painting "Fur Traders
Descending the Missouri" by G.C. Bingham)

It's evening as our canoe slides along,
The world is so beautiful you can sing a song.
Keen eyes are open looking for bear;
Hoping the trip won't be a nightmare.
From the banks come ripples of water,
Now, we can't loiter.
I raise the gun to shoot
But, I missed our loot.
Sorrow has come upon us;
We can't begin to fuss.
I know it is my fault,
The cat, I wish it was never caught.
It's black and causes bad luck;
Oh no! Our canoe is stuck!

Jimmie Lee Sweatt

Grade 7

Bennettsville Junior High School

CAT FEAR

A cat is a very ugly thing
He sneaks to make his
rounds
His eyes are glitter, his
teeth are sharp
And his feet don't make a
sound.
His ears are pointed
and feet are too, and
if you're not careful
he'll get you.

Emily Mitchell
Grade 8
Beck Middle School

MY PET RAT

My pet rat
as quick as a bat
looks white and fluffy
as fur.
He lives in a cage.
It's the color of beige.
We put grass in it.
He likes to sleep
but he don't like to eat.
At night he gets out
and hides in the closet
and looks like a rock
with pink eyes
looking out at you.

Billy Terlinde
Grade 4
York Road Elementary

PRINCE

Prince, my dog, is lazy.
He tries to bite the mailman
but he misses.
When we go to the store
he walks fast.
He forgets he is lazy
because he thinks I'll buy him
something to eat.

Jenny Sims

Grade 4

York Road Elementary

TENAFLY

The sparrow
In the trees
Spread its wings
Twitched its toes
Heaved a sigh
Then leaned from
The tree and
Flew for the
First time to
Be attacked by
A marauding fly.

Kenneth Thompson

Grade 11

Spring Valley High School

MORNING

As the winter morning breaks through
the long, cold night,
Faint yellow and red streak the dark gray sky.
The morning dew and the raw morning air chill my bones.
From a barnyard comes the rooster's crow.
Letting the people know
Another day is here.

Minnie Brooks

Grade 11

Greenwood High School

NIGHT

They used to warm themselves around prehistoric fires.
Huddled near the heat, the glowing, sparkling embers
Which cast erratic flickerings along the shadows of the stone-cave.
And they shuddered, looking out into the humid darkness.

The weird flickerings of lightning across the coal-black sky,
With eerie suddenness reveals the hanging tree-moss, dancing
In the whirling wind which quickens pace and pulse.
As the rain of cold emotion trickles down
Through the memory of countless ages.

One could have been awakened, ten thousand years ago.
Amid a torrent of water upon a shelter roof.
By the howl of jackals echoing from the inner blackness of terror—
Yellow eyes approaching, filling hearts with the dire
Coming nearer, coming nearer, fearless of a smoldering fire.

The rhythmic thud of hardened heel against wet and dirty concrete
Marches on, with overcoat, toward light, warmth, house, and home.
As jingling keys try to drown out the sound.
The rain of cold emotion trickles down.

Benny Cain

Grade 12

Southside High School

MORNING

One puffy sleeve tied in a bow,
the other halfway between shoulder and elbow.
Mysteriously, I'm glued to the bed.
A familiar lumpy pillow beneath my head.
One thud in the cold morning air
Sends me right on my derriere!

Lisa Schultze

Grade 11

Greenwood High School

the sun peaks around the edge of the earth
the radio blares the latest soon to
be has been.
the cloud drifts over the sky disregarding all county lines
we sit at the red light cursing the car that made it
the moon smiles down waiting for someone to smile back
our tv is turned to a dream that is not ours
the stars whose brilliance has lasted the ages:
they watch for the shining and street lamps flicker as
bugs absorb the light.

Susie Nickles

Grade 12

Greenwood High School

ALLY

A beanstalk giant from stories of old
Came only late when the lights were low.
Such size and such strength as he possessed
Would fill my soul with fear
For my spirit was his: handled without care.

I was his enemy for as long as I remember
Loneliness was a catalyst for bringing him near
Chasing me, gripping me, holding me back
Causing me to cry out and wake up in the night.

Since I've grown he's seen less
And not quite as intense
But still he comes to keep me acquainted
With fear, and power.
From the black depths of my spirit.

Drew Holliday

Grade 12

Hannah-Pamplico High School

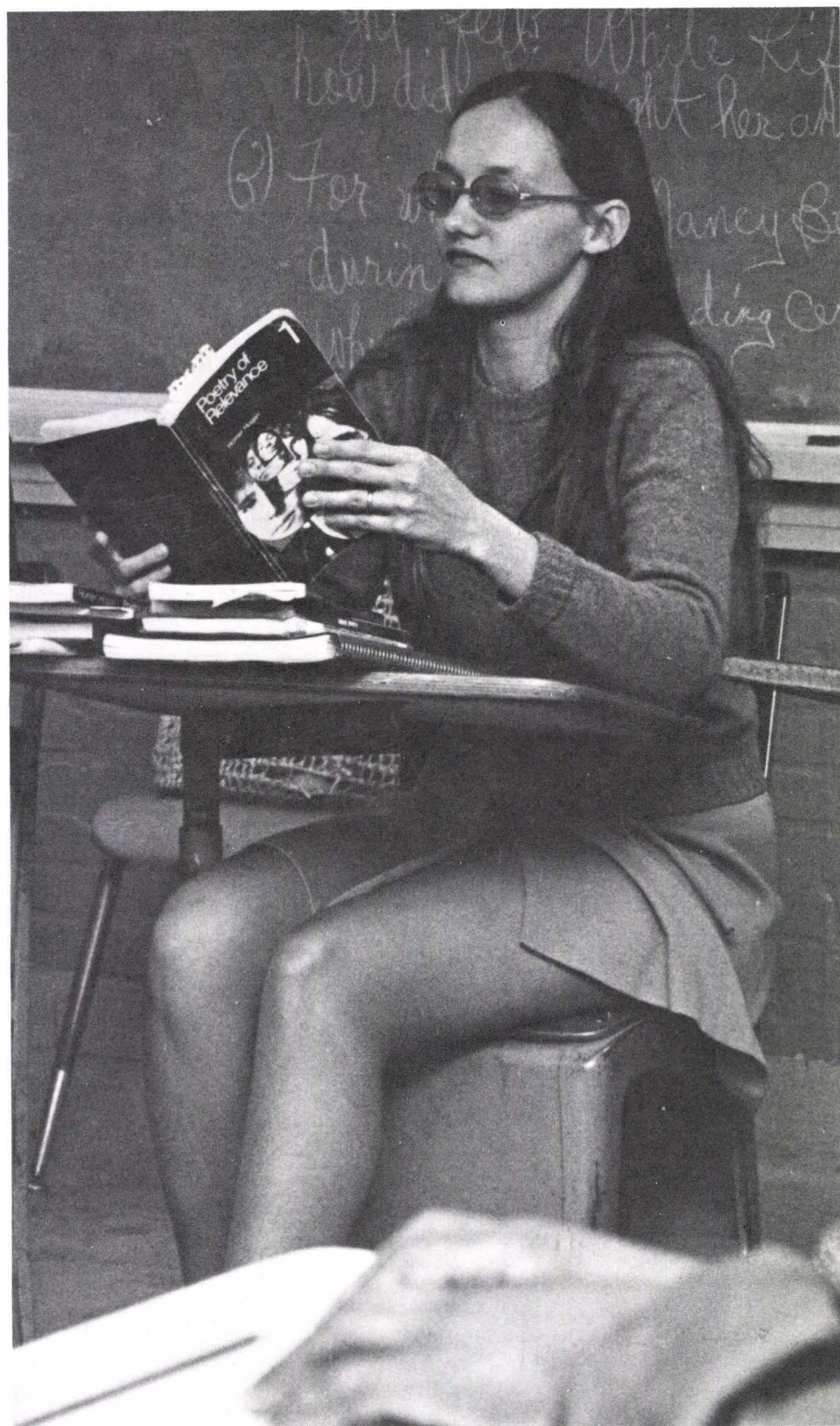
NEAR CALEDONIA

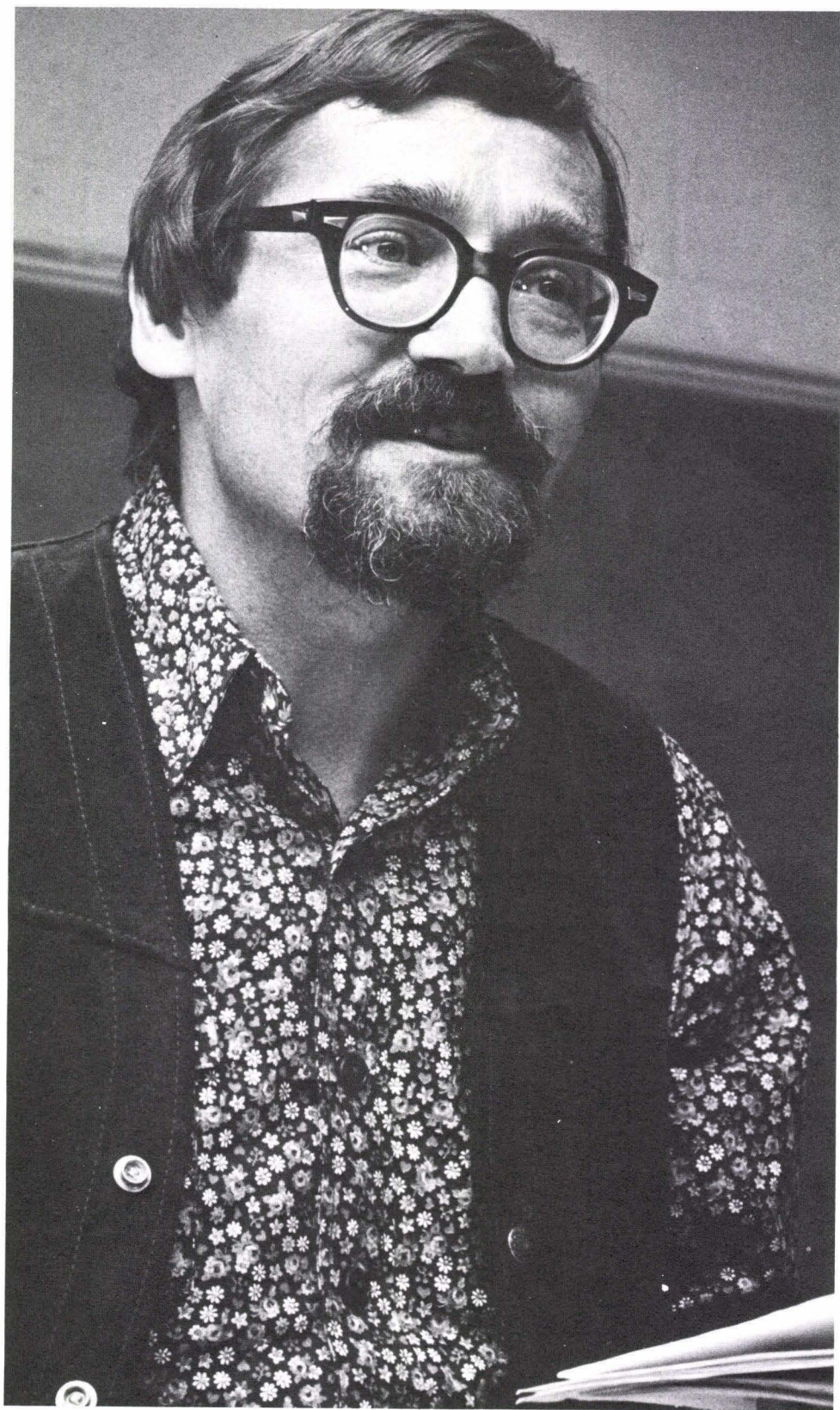
Leaves bed the woods.
cottonfields rust in disuse.
US Highway 301 guts the eastern seaboard.
throat to groin. bank after national bank.
A smoked lilac sky prevails. Grease
clings from holiday barbecues.
the homes and pool halls.
gray on gray. Deeper on
in Virginia. a worn barn
kneels to the earth.

Near Caledonia.
catch a fleeting glimpse:
a fat black woman. her hip
nudging the screen door ajar.
she wears a red fedora.
her blouse splashes wide flowers.
her skirt creases beneath her broad belly.
She sings to the deaf winter.

Patricia Henley

PATRICIA HENLEY expects to receive her M.A. degree from The Johns Hopkins University in May. She lives in Orangeburg with her husband and son and edits Peaceweed Press. Her work is currently appearing in *The Chowder Review* and *The Green Horse*.





PETER MEINKE directs the Writing Workshop at Eckerd College, St. Petersburg, Florida. He has published two children's books and critical articles in addition to his poetry. His new collection to be published this year is *Lines From Neuchatel*.

WALKING ON BIRDS

the clouds on the rainslick
sidewalk moving faster than I
and once in a while a bird beneath
my feet a feeling of speed & light
my heels grow wings I'm dancing on
the sky above the mailbox/hydrants/trees
three smokestacks belching at my toes
so what/my toes grow wings my knees grow
wings my ears my nose my belly and yes

my wings grow wings I feel

like Gulliver carried by a thousand
butterflies above the storm I feel
free I feel free and now
the butterflies start growing heels
the heels are growing noses/this trip
is growing
complicated that's how I know it's
real

Peter Meinke

QUEEN OF THE STARS

I am Queen of the Stars.
I wear a black dress with silver stars painted on it.
I ride through the night on my white stallion:
I live at a village called Walhalla.
The name means Garden of the Gods.
It is a lovely place.
We are protected by the mountains.
Which rise above the sea.
We hunt in the woods for our food.
My father's name is King of the Moon
My mother is Princess of the Waters.
We are the people of the skies.

Karen Campbell, 11
South Pine St. Elementary

WOULDST THOU BE MEPHISTIC

My blood is strictly royal
I live on royal soil
I never have to toil
And I own a lot of oil.
My talents are unique
If talents are what you seek
I throw peasants in the creek
And I really am oblique.
My subjects I do maul
I am strong and I am tall
What I strike does fall
And peasants heed my call.
So wouldst thou be mephistic
Or wouldst thou be artistic.

Clark Molpus
Grade 9
May River Academy

THE APPOINTMENT

My gaze is fixed upon a dying flower
As my fingers rest on the needlepoint
 I was previously involved with.
My thoughts are many; thoughts that
are each expressing a feeling—
 Jealousy—of another woman
 Depression—of losing a lover
 Fear—of dying
I wait for the knock on my chamber
door and a voice requesting the
presence of the wife of Henry VIII,
 King of England.

Susan Hubbard

Grade 10

Spring Valley High School

VALIANCE

Beohtnoth, 6 ft. 9, Duke of Essex
did die old.
And though his death was sense-
less it was still extremely bold.
For in his valiance he did let
the Vikings pass upon the bridge.
And then he fought them hand-
to-hand along the lofty ridge.

The Norsemen had 10 thousands and
the Saxons only 2, even though
they were strong men of heart
and wielded great bows of yew.
But Beohtnoth in his pride
had been so very very wrong.
for a few against 10 thousands
cannot last for very long.

6 very valiant men of sword did
fall beside their lord,
At the ending few ere left to
bring their families any word.
Beohtnoth lies now headless in a
damp and dusty vault: forgotten now
save only for the battle that he fought.

Thomas Draughon

Grade 10

Wilson High School

COLORS MAN MAKES

Purple is the long flowing robe
Of a king as he commands his army to the battlefield
Silver is in the flashing streak of a jet
As it speeds toward the enemy, hundreds of miles away
Greens are in the peaceful pasturelands and forests
Unknowing of the bloody conflict to come
Gold is in the flashes of the first salvo
Which sends "angels of death"
With men's names inscribed forever on them
Red is the color of the ground, bloodsoaked
Men fall upon it in mortal agony
Screaming at the death and destruction.

Wesley McCall

Grade 10

Landrum High School

DIRECTION

Lay in wet fields.
Robed by a church and god's clue never seen.
His rain wet these fields.
His trap, his great plan.
His patience as I set his altar.
A kind child filled with sacred wine.
Take a gun and shoot god.
His blood falls in a silver chalice.
We will drink this blood.

Morris Lumpkin

Dreher High School

DISCOVERY

Ancient yellowed page
From long ago society
Torn and worn by the wind
Unearthed by man.

Baffled many scholars
Puzzled modern man
Discovered by a pauper
To be a page from a
Sears and Roebuck catalog.

Chrystal Harris

Grade 12

Spring Valley High School

THE BLUE ROOM

I always seem
To hate the dream
Of a little blue room,
Cause it's got so much gloom.
It's not big and roomy
It's just dark and gloomy
The window shades are down
All pictures seem to frown.
I dream this dream lots of times
When I want to call my mother
I have always run out of dimes

Heather Martin

Grade 6

May River Academy

PURPLE, ORANGE, AND PINK

Purple, orange, and pink is like a rainbow
 With a barrel full of oranges at the end.
Purple, orange, and pink is like the
 Prettiest fish alive.
Purple, orange, and pink is like a rooster's
 Egg that's never been laid.
Purple, orange, and pink is like my dog's tail
 That has been painted by my brother.
Purple, orange, and pink is like my brother
 When he's happy, sad, and mad.
Purple, orange, and pink is like me
 When I'm getting ready for halloween.

Clyde Johnson
Ruffin High School

PORTRAIT

Looks like he always has a cold—
big red nose perched on a pale face
supporting thick black-rimmed glasses.
Pin-stripe suits can't shrink fast enough
to catch down with his spindly limbs.
Customarily clad in a beige trench-coat
brief-case in hand
he looks like an underfed enemy spy.
The underworld overcoat covers a mad scientist—
 Quick, into a nearby washroom—
 Off with the coat, on with the lab smock.
 He emerges—no bird, no plane, it's—
A biology teacher!
 Anxious to lead his high school disciples
 On another crusade through the guts of a frog.

Peter Gentile
Grade 12
Porter-Gaud School

BILL, THE MECHANIC

Around the shop he walks
finding the tools he needs
in order to fulfill his deeds.
With the radio on,
his dog chewing on a bone,
he goes about his work.
Making sure there's no mistake
he assembles the engine,
the heads, pistons, and intake.
With everything in its place
a smile comes upon his face.
He's only a mechanic to others
but to me, he's my brother.

Glenn Pace

Grade 9

Landrum High School

KIT

Kit awakens
Her liquor-stained coat
Lying peacefully on the floor.
Kit. She breaks slowly
From her maze of drugged forgetfulness
And begins to collect herself.
What happened to you, Kit
Where have you been
Have you had problems
Have you been without a friend?

What happened to yesterday
When you were so happy and alive?
You said you'd make a name for yourself.
Did you lie?

Marie Moore

Grade 12

Landrum High School

GOLDEN HAIR

Once I met a girl
As pretty as can be
With her golden hair
Tingling eyes
Always staring at
Her golden hair
And tingling eyes
But never at me.

David Grice

Grade 7

Aiken Junior High School

THE ROUGH HANDS

The rough hands were chapped by
the snow,
Putting up logs for the house.
The hands were chapped this
man did know
When he picked up the mouse.

The rough hands were chapped by the axe,
By chopping logs all day.
The hands were chapped by
the tacks,
They were chapped when he
picked up the hay.

Cindy Smith

Grade 6

May River Academy

They romped endlessly on the playgrounds
with no acknowledgement of anyone's presence—
and I watched.

She crept stealthily on the group of birds,
and as she pounced, they flew—
and I smiled.

He told friendly jokes pertaining to others,
gaining enthusiasm with each story—
and I giggled.

They drank the intoxicating liquid
with the vigor of furloughed sailors—
and I laughed.

She gazed into my eyes with that stare,
revealing her inner thoughts—
and I cried.

George Sample

Grade 12

Saluda High School

MARGARETT

Ebony skin has she—
Tall as trees
With mop and pail
She cleans after me.

Mark Rudisill

Grade 8

League Middle School

A MODERN RICHARD COREY

Now, Corey was a fine, fine man,
As fine as anyone,
But worries overcame him,
And he killed himself with a gun.
Yet I knew of a fine, fine boy,
Whose age was ten and five,
Had money, friends, a brand-new car,
The happiest guy alive.
Let's call him Fred, now there's a name,
For such a nice young lad,
With parents who meet his every need,
They say he'll be just like his dad.
People talk about this happy boy,
And how his family is so close. Well,
Fred just died on an overdose.

Charles Tillotson
Grade 11
Spartanburg High School

do you know the funny
old bald
man who carries a bible
and mumbles queer
things the man who
prays in ditches the man whose
strange gentle eyes stare the
man who cries repent
jesus loves you and
his tears roll down withered cheeks

Sunday Fennessy, 16
Willow Lane School

He is tall in stature, his hair is black
he walks with a cane and carries a sack.
His sack is made of worn burlap
he sleeps on it when he takes his nap.
He carries this sack wherever he goes
But what's inside he never shows.
Where he got it he won't disclose
and how long he has had it no one knows.

Betsy Champion

Grade 11

Spartanburg High School

REAL WOMAN

A living bra, fed on tissue paper
And socks.
Drive-in popcorn And backseat
experience
Mama's little Angel is
gaining weight.

Pamela Fowler

Grade 12

Palmetto High School

REALWOMAN

All sugar smiley sunshiny sweetness—
REALWOMAN—
Sexy symbolism sticks out all over
tough stuff
REALWOMAN
she's the one who bats her eyelashes
and crosses her legs in class
And brings home an A
All's fair
She can be found in any corner.

Mary Lenard Flynn

Grade 11

Palmetto High School

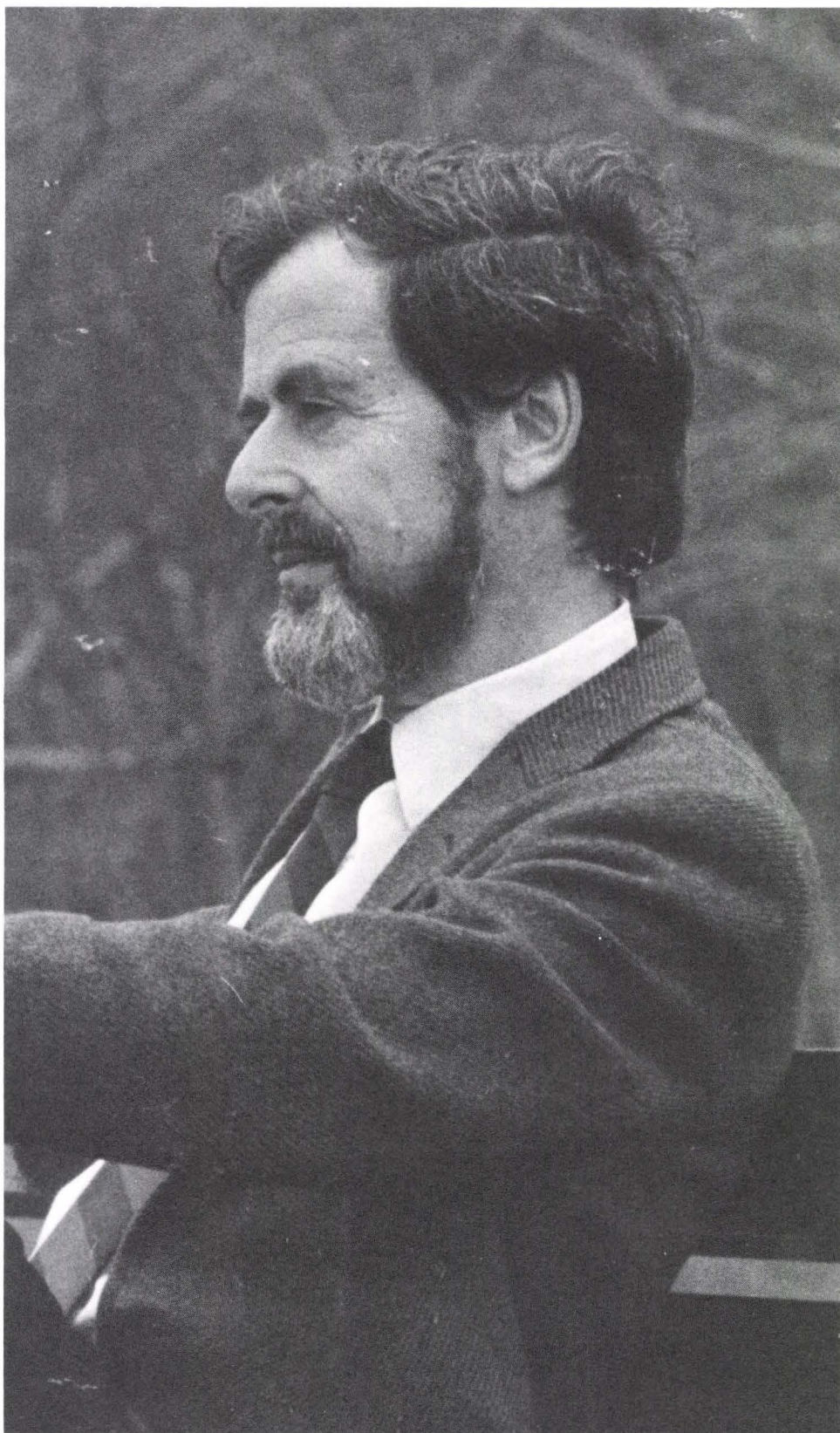
PAULA AT MORNING

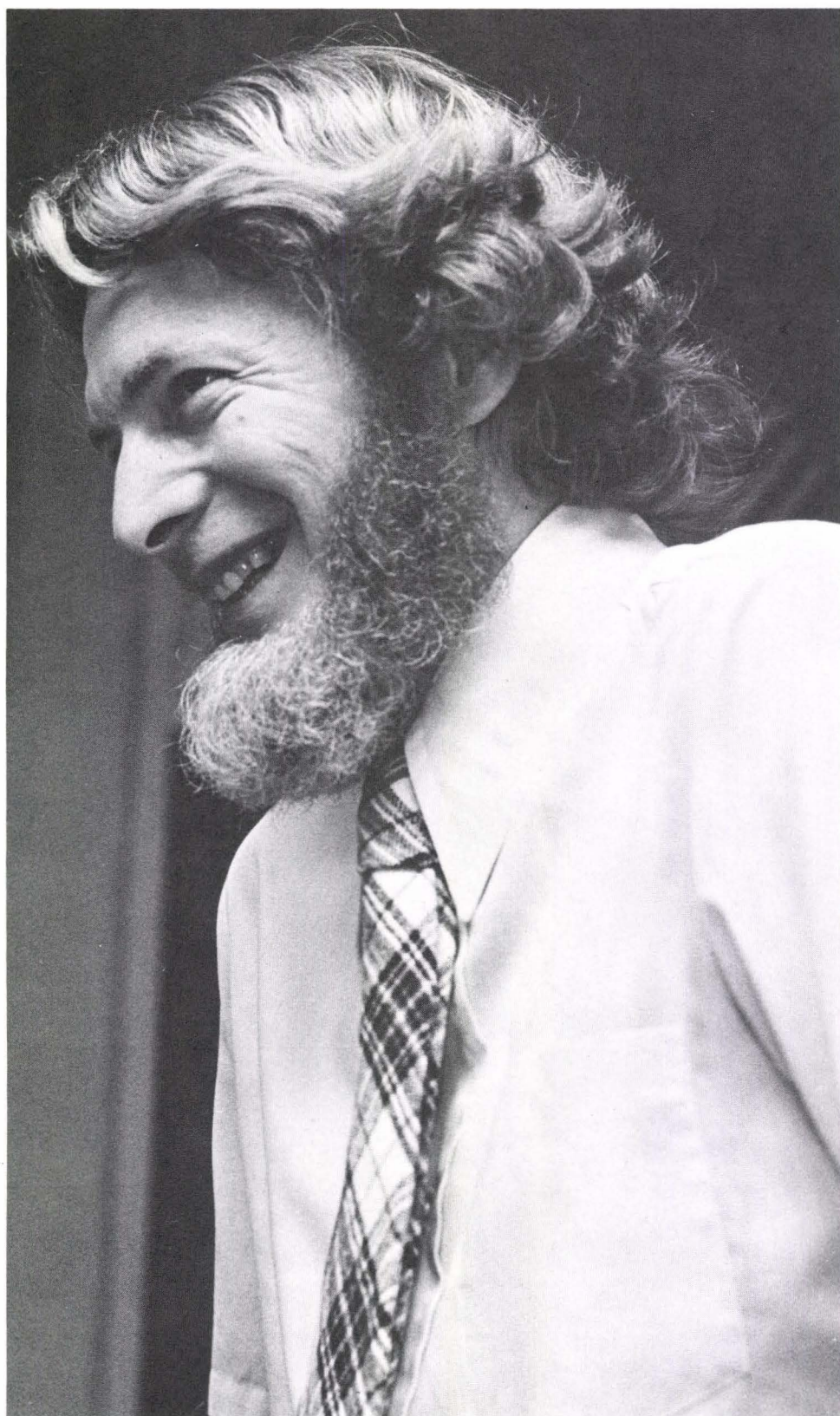
She is the hour
when the scent of orange peels
gets on your fingertips;
The hour when the water
has not yet evaporated from the geraniums.
The hour when the leaves
rise out of the darkness into
the darkness of themselves.
And Paula
 is the combination
of the leaves with water
which is the silence in the light.

The light begins,
reddening the sea beyond Gomera.
The light begins
 in a glow like apples
turning into oranges.
And the sun becomes the sky.
A flare
 demanding
that the sky
become the sun.
The sun demanding
that the sky become Paula
who rises with the smell of oranges
on her fingertips, and walks
into this moment in Madrid
where we wait at a train station
and discuss Joseph Conrad.

P. B. Newman

P. B. NEWMAN has published three volumes of poetry, most recently *The Ladder of Love*. He combines his interest in poetry and film to present mixed-media poetry readings. Newman teaches English at Queens College in Charlotte.





EUGENE PLATT is a native of Charleston and studied in Ireland after graduating from U.S.C. He has published in books and periodicals both here and abroad. His most recent collection, *an original sin*, is from Briarpatch Press in Chapel Hill.

NEW PRIORITIES

my preoccupation
is no longer empires;
i tiptoe in darkness
to witness your blanket's
rise and fall.
then,
bending over the slats of your crib
that remain silent sentries
thru the night,
i become reacquainted with a god
i knew in my youth
and say a wordless prayer
of hope for your future,
which is the future of all the world,
while listening
for the sweetest sound i have ever heard:
your breathing

Eugene Platt

"New Priorities" is from the collection, *an original sin*, published by Briarpatch Press, Chapel Hill, N. C., 1974.

I USE TO BE A BABY

I use to be a baby
but now I'm a growing boy
My mother lets me go out to play
and I have so much joy.
My heart beats faster
everytime I run
And my little knee cap
is shaped like a hamburger bun.
My head is shaped like a football
my eyes lit up like a light
And my mother told me
the wrong and right.

Fred Hicks

Grade 6

Bennettsville Elementary

I'm a dead man
I no longer function.
I slide through the earth as a snake
because I can.

I'm a dead bird
I no longer function.
I sing through the trees with harmony
never to be heard.

I'm a dead flower.
I no longer function.
My stem reaches the ultimate in humanity
My fragrance is sour.

You're a dead reader.
You no longer function.
You paint only a smile at other's work
You are a bleeder.

Mike Griggs

Grade 12

Dreher High School

POEM

I enter through my nose and walk up the stairs.
The attic is dark, filled with mice and thoughts.
I walk to a map which is incorrect because of
the road through my grandfather's house.
Its columns were huge and white
with a stone base and a door my heart
went through at his death.
But that was only a half-death.
The other died when the bulldozers and
steamrollers came.
A mouse runs by.
I think my grandfather was riding on its back.

Morris Lumpkin
Dreher High School

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN SNOWMEN AND PEOPLEMEN

Snowmen shrink...they never grow
That's because they're made of snow
You get big...you don't get smaller
You get big and strong and taller

Ellen King, 10
Sea Pines Academy

TEN

Down at the lake
There was a big snake
Its green eyes blazed in the sun
My grandfather tried to shoot it with the gun
It wiggled away
And we followed for the rest of the day
The giant V across the lake
Trying to save its own sake
Then came the mate
We shot and then both meet their
fate.

Bradly Gantt
Grade 6
Beck Middle School

WHY I AM UNABLE TO WALK THROUGH WALLS

I feel I must explain
This gross ineptitude
on my part
For of all my short comings
I feel this the worst
That when I should attempt
To exit a room
Without the means of a doorway
I achieve little,
But a sore proboscis
I am at a loss to explain this ineptitude
On my part.
But then,
I always was screwed up.

George D. Shuler
Dreher High School

POEM

I live
for an "everlasting symphony" of people
my shell is fragile and I break easily
and I'll leave you hanging
on an unfinished seventh.

Becky Morgeneoth
Grade 11
Airport High School

WART LIMERICK

There was an old lady named Rose
Who had a big wart on her nose
When she had it removed
Her appearance improved
But her glasses now slip down to her toes.

Cecil Marshall Reynolds

Grade 5

May River Academy

PICTURE YOURSELF

Picture yourself running
from this girl
There was an ugly old girl
she was made out of paper
Even a track star
couldn't escape her

She wore green shoes
and red panty hose,
On her face
there was a 9 inch nose

Her feet were huge
about 2 feet long
they were even stamped:
imported from Hong Kong

Her hair was green
her teeth were brown
she looked like she just escaped
from the city dog pound

Her hands were dry and very crusty
and behind her ears were very dusty

She could easily make
the Ugliness Hall of Fame
or even pass as the Hunchback
of Notre Dame

Russell Wannamaker

Grade 9

Orangeburg-Belleville Jr High School

A RED HEADED PIG

If I woke up in the morning and I was a red-headed pig named Lucy,
I would be very cute.
The first thing I'd think about is food.
I would go to my mommy or daddy pig.
I would say oink or squeak and that would mean give me some bacon
or some corn.
I would want somebody to take care of me.
I would want somebody to keep me clean and keep me from being
nervous
(and keep me from being hurt) by being quiet as a mouse
And not crowding around me and being still.
I would be happy if I had someone to love
And if I were warm
and drinking skim milk
Going outside sometimes.
And staying inside sometimes.
But when I wake up in the morning
I hope I'm not a pig
So nobody will
Shoot me
And make bacon out of me.

Second Grade Collaboration
Sea Pines Academy

THE SEED

There's no reason
why
a small black
seed
planted in fertile
soil
should not yield
fruits
to the warm
sun
under the green
leaves.

Heyward Lee
Grade 12
Southside High School

When a friend calls to me from
the road and slows his horse to a
mean walk, I don't stand still or
look around on all the hills I
haven't hoed, and shout from
where I am, "What is it?" No, not as
there is time to walk.
I thrust my hoe in the melon ground,
end up five feet tall, and plod.
I go up to the stone walk for
a friendly visit.

Henry Graham

Grade 9

Saluda High School

IT

Mushrooms love it
Casual people shoot it
Gardeners spread it but
Politicians sling it
Washington is full of it
Watergate proved it
Braggarts talk it
Some people roll it
While others sell it for \$20 an ounce
Gnats live on it
As do the Scott Towel people
Dogs identify friends by it
Agnew done it and stepped back in it
TV won't let you hear it
But they don't mind putting it on prime time
You'll find it written on bathroom walls
Or it may not even be written, just up there!
Nervous people get it scared out of them
Dope freaks have been known to misplace it
Or lose it altogether.

R. Mack Garrett

Grade 12

Wren High School

HAIKU

Wild-eyed sulphur sky
Thrashing howls unleash the rage
Stiffly swaying trees

Todd Coleman

Grade 12

Porter-Gaud School

HUNTED DEER

Down by the road
hunters load their guns
and their dogs.

As they unload,
a big beautiful, graceful
swift deer leaps
upon the brush.

As the hunters have their guns
locked in meaningless
rage, as they turn loose
the dogs of their cage.

The dogs leap from
their cage going
before the hunters
in meaningless rage.

One shot two shots.
He's down and dying on
the ground.

Know as they turn
back now they see
the little fawn that
was long to be!

Lesa Howell

Grade 6

May River Academy

THE BREAKING OF DAY

The scattered bulky livestock lie
All sleeping, firmly tied
They all are in their places here
While waiting for the tide.

Before all lies a mirror wide
Reflecting all that's seen
A smooth, unfailing pane of glass
On which the sky can lean

The purple misty fists all reach
Straight up to strike the sky
Whose wondrous amber beauty is
God's gift to mankind's eye.

And then the glorious king appears
And hastens on his way
He takes with him all that we've seen
And starts another day.

Ray Carter

Grade 11

May River Academy

AS THEY FLY SOUTH

As wild geese make
Their annual flight
A thrilling sight to see
I've noticed that
They always form
A moving letter V.

William Boling III

Grade 10

Hannah-Pamplico High School

THE CRAFTY OLD FOX

I would like to be a fox;
So I won't get put in a box.
When the hunters and dogs come after me,
I could hide behind a tree.

One night I would get a chicken,
And hurry away before I get a lickin'.
If the farmer knew I was there
I know he would jump out of his chair;
And if I heard a .22 thundering,
I wouldn't stop for blundering.

So now you know why I am clever
And not hanging by a rafter.

Jimmie Lee Sweatt

Grade 7

Bennettsville Junior High School

THE ANIMALS' JUNGLE

Light is struggling to filter through the heavy canopy of the jungle.
There is meaning in the eyes of the parrot, the jaguar, the gorilla.
A splash in the water hole and the jaguar's ears twitch.
The cry of the lion makes the parrot flutter its wings.
The gorilla never stirs from his sleep.
A snake basking in the sun doesn't even notice his usual prey—mice,
ground squirrels, and small birds scampering about—
Because they all know they must stay still.
MAN WAS THERE.....

Kim Nichols, 12

Sea Pines Academy

**I USED TO BE . . . THE KING OF THE JUNGLE
BUT NOW I AM . . . THE KING OF THE ZOO**

I used to be the king of the jungle
Roaming the woods in a dignified way
For I was the biggest lion in the land

Living in the biggest cave.
I protected my mate and children
Looking for prey for days at a time
Never returning till I got the best.

One time I never returned
For I was captured by two men
Mean and grimy. They threw me
in the back of a truck

All cramped up in a net.
We traveled long, never stopping:
All day and all night
Till we finally stopped.

Looking around I saw people
Standing all around
And I was in the middle of it—

I was struggling but it was no use
Into a jail I went.
I used to be the king of the jungle
But now I'm the king of the zoo—

Now children come from miles around
To throw popcorn
At me.

Lisa Heusel
Grade 8
League Middle School

PEGASUS

My horse is not exactly winged
Its flight was better called a stumble.
And yet I called him Pegasus
So he'd be proud, not humble.

Barbara Springer
Grade 8
Kennedy Jr. High School

MY SCHIZOPHRENIC FRIEND

It would be beneficial to lure him
into analysis—my schizophrenic friend, the cat

I am temporarily feeding—to probe his salvation
instinct; turn his lack of conscience

into a universal formula of disregarding
civilization. He is so unhinged he does not know

where my yard and pre-history end: oblivion
is all the same to him, a series of suns and moons;

a turn of stalking. Agate eyed, black-footed,
alone in delight of himself he skates

through my grass a watered-silk centipede, crazy
on ratguts, daring to smell of September

in June, of the wreck of a city or two
after the moss has returned, when flowers

as fine as his toes crack out where the hearth
has been. When he hears my voice he accelerates

into that other skin, kissing with concrete tongue,
generating an electrical contact

with my recalcitrant flesh, dissolving
through tenderness out of that farther self, mine

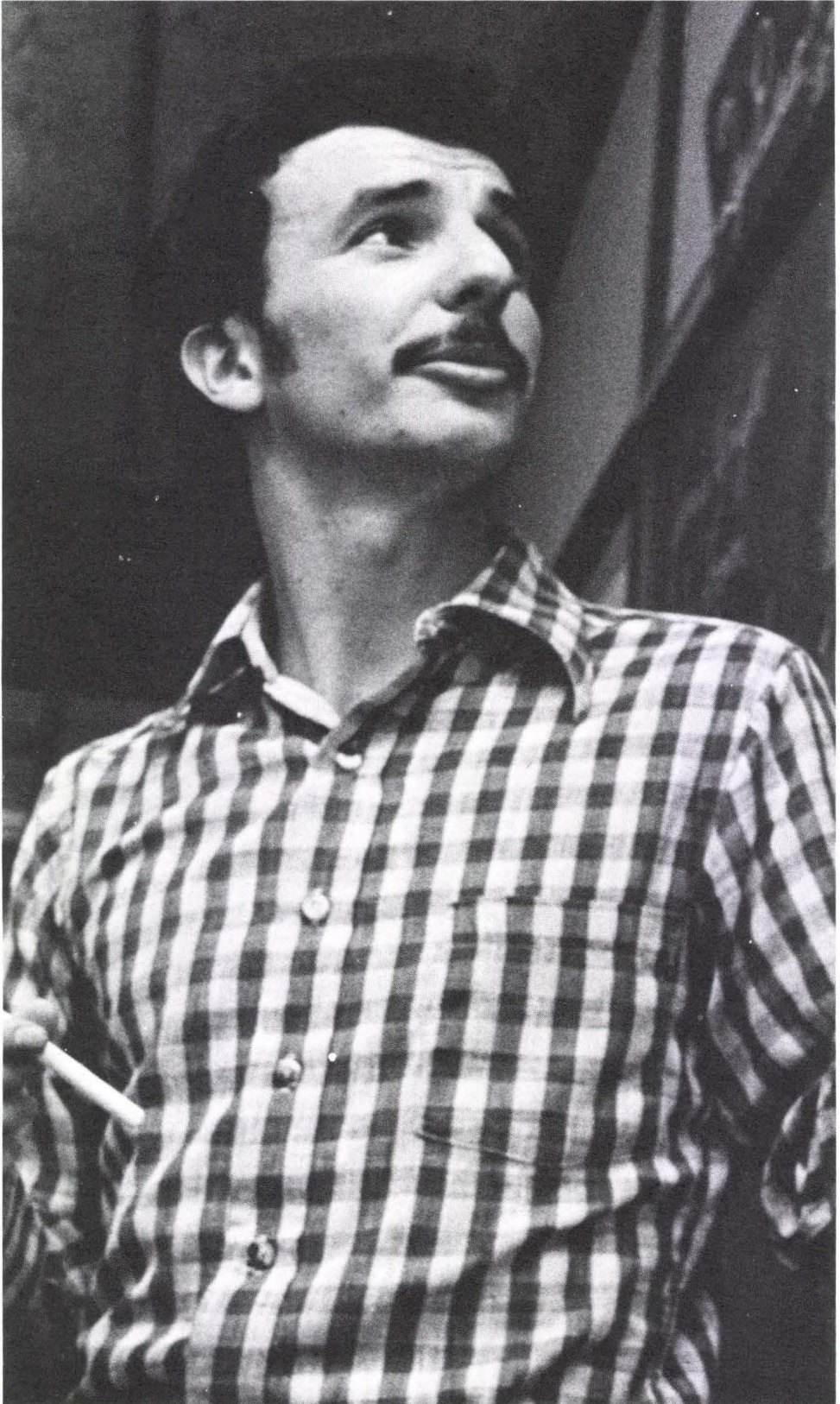
until his unimaginable darknesss descends again.

Bennie Lee Sinclair

from Little Chicago Suite

BENNIE LEE SINCLAIR is the author of a book of poems, *Little Chicago Suite*, and has won awards for her poems, essays, and short stories. Her work is currently appearing in *First South Catalog* and *The Southern Poetry Review*. She lives near Campbellello with her husband, the potter Don Lewis.





ROSS TALARICO lives in Durham, where he is working on a novel and a textbook. He studied in the poetry workshop at Syracuse, and was a poet-in-residence at Southern Connecticut College. His published work includes the book of poems *Snowfires*.

ADOLESCENCE: A LOVE POEM

This stone in my hand
And the window above me.
They are two things in my life.

Will my arm finally
Follow its motion, now that I've begun
To follow mine.
I let the stone
Settle for a moment, in my hand.
Its heaviness
Lies heavy within me.
What I awaken in the woman
Who sleeps through my life
May be my own anger:

I don't care.
Everything is deceiving:
I have mistaken the night
For my mood.
The walk over here
For a sentence passed onto me.

And if the window breaks
As my voice has broken
Like glass under her pillow.
She will look down on me,
Forgivingly.
Mistaking the blood on her cheek
For the blush
She was afraid would appear.

Ross Talarico

this poem originally appeared in *L Magazine*, Vol. I,
Nos. 2-3, Spring, 1973.

MY DADDY'S CHAIR

When I look at my Daddy's chair,
it makes me think of an old man.
It has six eyes
and two big ears on the side.
The old man has
one big square foot.
I do feel sorry
for that old man.

Wanda Tucker

Grade 6

York Road Elementary

My mother is like our car. Neither have hubbys.
My dog is like a tree. They both have alot of bark.
A play girl is like a cub. They are always bear.
A business man is like a boat. They both sail.
An impolite person is like a goat—always butting in.
My brother's wife is like a policeman. They are both in law.

David Ard

Grade 10

Keenan High School

MY FRIEND

My friend is always moving
Writing love all over her hands
She wastes her paper, like an old
dirty rat. She bites it and gnaws
it into little bits of scrap paper
And puts it into her little nest
down under the house floor.

Karen Ferm

Grade 4

Westminster Elementary

One night I was snoring
and it sounded like a motor
with its roaring voice.
It shook the house
like an elephant was jumping
on a trampoline.
My father thought it was a tiger
while my mother was under the covers
shivering!

Brian Graves
Grade 5
York Road Elementary

NAPPING IN THE CAR

When on my way to my Grandparent's
house
I often fall asleep

Until the brakes are slammed on
tight—
Then I end up in a heap.

It takes a while to get
there
Because they live away so far.

So it's nice to take a short little
snooze
While riding in the car.

Linda Segars
Grade 8
Northside Middle School

DIAMONDS

Once there was a little droplet of water
Who had all the money anyone could hope for
He would go out every day and buy new clothes
and exotic dinners and everything he wanted
But the little drop was lonely
He used all his money to try and buy friendship
and the gods made it rain
And he washed down into the earth and was
lonely once again
Then he hardened his soul so that others
may share his beauty.

Jeff Flowers

Kennedy Jr High School

Lightning looks like a light bulb
that has just been broken.
It rushes across the room
and it makes you do the shimmy
when it hits you,
then it just disappears for awhile
so you can go about your business.
Rings are like pieces of wire
stretched across your finger
with a small rock glued on top
and polished with furniture polish
so it will shine.

Rhonda Parrish

Grade 6

York Road Elementary

INDIAN BOY

If I were an Indian
I would stand tall and proud
I would hunt with my father
My father would be chief of the tribe
And I would follow in his foot-steps

I would hunt courageously
And never worry about danger
I would swim the strongest river
I could shoot a bow and arrow like lightning
And skin a buffalo blind-folded

If I were an Indian
I would live in a wig-wam
Painted all the colors of the rainbow
I would have a dog
With soft fur who would hunt with me

I would have a horse, a pinto pony
We would ride to the rhythm of the wind
And my pony's hooves
Would make a music
Sweeter than robins in Spring

As we ride I would think about
The beautiful land on which I live
And when I die
They will tell stories about me
Chief Coojeacky
Meaning Chief Courageous

**Steve, Jerry, Lee, John,
and Jeff, Age 11**
Camden Middle School

POEM

If everyone were dreams
We'd have 3 billion nightmares
Except one dream
About you and me.

Biadin Roldan
Dent Junior High School

ISLAMORADA

Tom Thumb's Islands in the Stream
surrounded by fishy-fresh air meeting fishfull water,
occupied by conches, and once by Ponce de Leon,
glorified by Hemingway, Pina Coladas, and nature's beauty
(but not necessarily in that order)
Islamorada

To slip under earth's surly bonds
and confront reefdwellers in their home
to fish the seemingly endless flats
and trace that trailing bonefish
to overindulge in Hemingway, Pina Coladas, and nature's beauty
(but not in that order)
Islamorada
is the face of God

Danny C. Abel
Grade 12
Porter-Gaud School

BALLYHOO

I'm on my way to Ballyhoo
No time to stop and think.
I know all's safe in Ballyhoo.
It hides no missing link.

Ballyhoo has no toll gate
It funnels only few.
It's life consists of those who feel.
Not those who stop and do.

Kathy Blair
Grade 12
Spring Valley High School

WHERE DID HE GO?

To the sea? In the sky, to the dark
Earth called Satan's home?
Or in the alleys in the garbage,
Locked behind the turns of a twist-tied bag?

Was he rammed down your throat too fast
By thoughtless pharisees and endless stories,
Forcing you to hurl him off like a wet
dog shakes off water, shattering the wetness
into a thousand separate shining pieces?

Weeping over our empty joy, did he turn
Away to cry in his infinite Kingdom?
Is he here, now? Next year, next door?
—His hand aches.

Christopher M. Huff

Grade 12

Porter-Gaud School

THE GHOSTOWN

Lying there all alone,
Forbidden and desolate.
What was once filled with life
Now has all disappeared.

Your houses, your barns, your stores
Once long ago
Laughter filled your heart
But now the memories are long forgotten

Where Jesse James and Billy the Kid
Once plundered and killed
Their horses thundering down the street
Striking terror in every man's heart.

But now years later
Tumbleweed and scorpions shove along your streets
Hindered only by the ghosts of men
Long forgotten.

Bobby Patain

Grade 10

Wren High School

During the darkness of the night
With no small beam or speck of light
The boards of the floor begin to click
Which sounds like the walking of a chick.
They click and they click all through the night.
With no one around and no one in sight.
The feeling within one is ever so strong
And each little sound is like a Chinese gong.

Arthur Brown
Grade 6
Beck Middle School

LONELINESS

A castle in the distance
Like a bird flying into a gray cloud
(A night with no moon)
That's how you feel when you're lonely.

Like an empty heart with no beat
Like a clock with no tick
(A deserted street)
That's how you feel when you're lonely.

A deserted street
A flower with no petals
A black sky with no stars
When I'm lonely
I feel like I don't have any friends
Nobody's paying any attention to me.
When I'm lonely
I feel like there's no one in my world but me. or
I feel like I don't exist.

Lonely as a single tree in a field
A glass
Reflecting images
As if it were a beautiful person
Who could help you look at yourself
But it doesn't.

Seventh Grade and Ed Røge, 17
Sea Pines Academy

TRAPPED

While night comes on gently
And he which comes on strong
Like flames of burning fire
To set my heart to desire
I kept on and on
Until those handsome hands
Caught my heart in mind
For love, the silent,
And gently as the night took
My heart into its flight.

Carolyn Jordan
Grade 11
Southside High School

POEM

As the voice of the seed
falls on the soft grass, the deer turns.
When the box is opened,
I celebrate, not seeing the black hand inside.

Sally Floyd
Dreher High School

BACK TO ME

There it was,
a fleeting smile,
A happy face;
The stupid look in that certain place.
That's what brought you back to me.
But, only in my memories.

Donna Bodie
Grade 8
Aiken Junior High School

TO

I go to school
to get a diploma
to go to college
to get a job
to earn money
to send my children
to school
to get a diploma
to go to college
to get a job
to earn money
to send their children
to school.

Joey Collins

Grade 9

Landrum High School

A COLORFUL CLOTH

I have a yellow and green jersey.
I wear it as often as I can.
It makes me feel grown up and tall:
It makes me feel like a man.
The green reminds me of grass
And the white reminds me of snow
The trim is yellow like brass.
With a shine that makes it glow.
My jersey is a machine
That makes me want to grow.

Paul Flowers

Grade 6

Bennettsville Elementary

THE BENT TABLESPOON

Here I sit
All broken hearted
My favorite spoon
Has just departed.
This guy named Mr. Young
Just took it.
My, this man is really crooked
I was just about to use it.
When he gives it back
I know what I'll do,
I'll just sit here
And hope it doesn't C R A C K.

Peyton Davis

Grade 8

Perry Middle School

PILES OF HOMEWORK

now i lay me down to sleep
piles of homework at my feet
if i should die before i wake
have a request i'd like to make
social studies by my head
tell mrs. bull that i'm dead
put my math by my hand
tell mrs. bodrick i don't understand
put my science in my chest
tell mr. whaley i did my best
put my typing by my side
tell mrs. howell at least i tried
put my english by my knee
tell mrs. george remember me
put my music by my feet
tell mrs. price can't keep the beat
put my homemaking by my toe
tell mrs. gramling i can't sew

Joann Sistrunk

Grade 9

Belleville Junior High School

THE DAMNED AND THE DIFFERENT

The five o'clock people on the beach,
burned and turned and sanded rare
to the shade of a slightly decaying peach,
though chilled, are feverishly aware
of the hot and honking traffic back.
Leaving the charnelhouse behind,
with their kids and baskets of bric-a-brac,
they stumble home to their weekly grind.

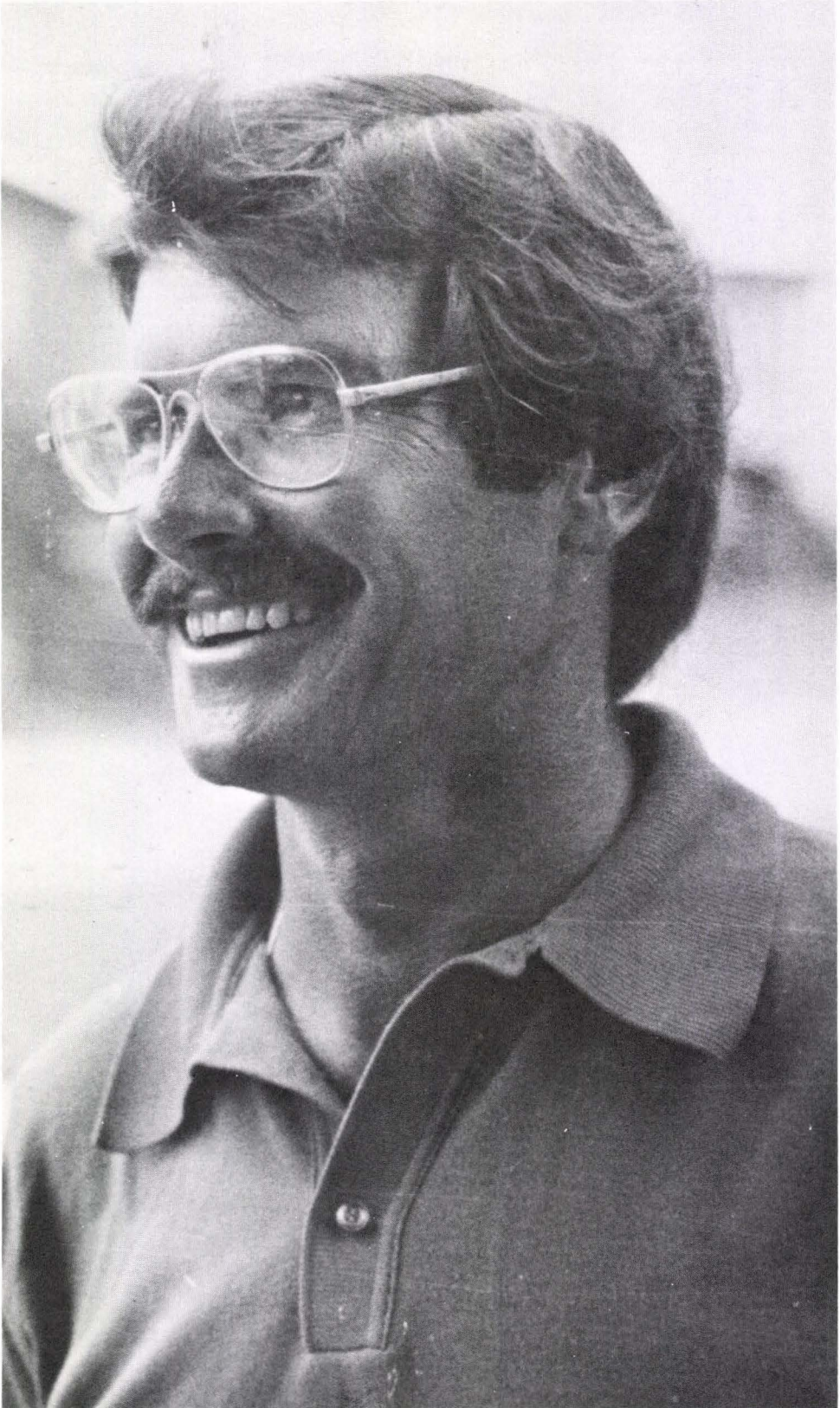
This is true of all but one,
a witch whose careful sacrifice
hourly requires that she anoint

libation flesh laid to the sun
so moonlight later might entice
some devotee to a succulent joint.

William E. Taylor
from *Devoirs to Florida*
Olivant Press, 1968

WILLIAM E. TAYLOR holds three degrees from Vanderbilt University, and has published three books of poems. His most recent book is *Devoirs to Florida*. He now lives in Deland, Florida and is Professor of English at Stetson University.





THOMAS N. WALTERS is a teacher, painter and sculptor who has published two volumes of poems. He has degrees from UNC and Duke, and is currently an Associate Professor of English at N.C. State in Raleigh.

NATHAN DICKENS FEEDING DOVES

His hands blued with the chill.
He has shucked and shelled.
Cracked with a hammer.
A basket of corn for the doves.

Beneath the gray skies
Over ice-neededled fields.
He goes where dark cedars
Block the Sunday wind.

Their shadows purple on the blue snow.
The waiting birds startle up near him;
Not flying far, they rattle and call.
They explode into smoothgray perfections
Of pinions aslant the freezing air.

Broadcasting yellow grains
Chattering on the crust.
His hands feel, his nostrils smell.
The birdwarmth. Soon doves are strutting.
Grazing the stubble about his booted feet.

Thomas N. Walters

NEW BORN

The filly took her first uncertain step,
swaying in a nonexistent breeze.
"Look at her!" laughed Don.
"Twenty minutes old
And she knows what 'mama' means."

We watched.
Gleaming chestnutt nosed a darker brown
And found the first sweet taste
Of life.

Anne Turnage

Grade 10

Hartsville High School

There was a little dog
who was as big as your hand.
Everybody came to see it
and he went to see them too.
He was hard to find in the dark.
Then he thought he was his dog food
and ate himself up.

Juan Cherry

Grade 4

York Road Elementary

CRAB

On the beach
in the sand
if you reach
with your
hand
you will grab
but with care
a little crab
if you dare.

Vicki Lynn Davis

Grade 11

Southside High School

MY WORLD OF THE NUMBER ONE DUCK

my world of duck is the world
of a boy we call duck
duck looks like a duck
he is yellow
he has many friends
they are not called duck
they are called puppy
grasshopper, and all kinds
of animals names
He doesn't say quack, quack
he speaks of sweet things
as sweet as flowers
but sometimes he thinks he is a duck
and acts like a duck
quack, quack

Debra Franklin

Grade 9

Belleville Junior High School

MY FRIEND

George is my friend
He is a flea
He always jumps from end to end
and bounces on me.

I taught him some tricks
Just the other day
Like jump off my finger
And run through some hay.

I bought him a bike
It's really neat
And he likes to ride it
Over my feet.

Kevin Jennings

Grade 6

Beck Middle School

MY DOG FIFI

With a very little body
And a very little bark.
She lights up my life.
Like a brightly burning spark.
She's always very playful.
And she's always very gay.
And she's always very certain
To brighten up my day.
And though she does things wrong sometimes.
And though she sometimes bites.
We'll always be the best of friends
Through happy days and nights.

Tracie Joyner

Grade 7

May River Academy

CHICKEN

I'd like to be a chicken
Because that's what I am.
Whenever there's a fight somewhere
I act just like a lamb.

I'd have so many friends
With feathers just like me;
But when the time for cooking came
I'd hide up in a tree.

Tammy Cowan

Grade 8

Bennettsville Junior High School

I wish I were a blue jay
with wings five feet long
so I could go to anywhere I wish.
Sometimes I would travel to see mountains
with snow on their peaks.
I could fly up to feel the icy snow
and it might feel like
a gallon of ice cream
fell in my lap.

Mike Turney
Grade 5
York Road Elementary

if i were a animal
i would like to be a parakeet
because they can learn
to speak english and
communicate with others
most parakeets like living
in cages at people homes
for a living the parakeet
eats bird feed
i would learn to talk and
every thing the wife say about her husband
i would copy it and
tell him when he gets
home and watch them
go in to a argument
and i would laugh

Kenneth Greene
John G. Richards School

THE ALLEYMO

Streaking

Tom Cat turned the corner
Rover, galloping close behind

Shooting

Up the tree Tom Cat went
The only thing left for the dog was his scent

Turning

Rover left the tree and the cat
But when out of sight, went around the house
and waited, in back

At ease

Tom Cat came tumbling down
But seeing the dog made a hissing sound

And then

The chase, big against small
Until Tom Cat stood blocked, by a wall

Pushing a muscle

Out came the blades, in came the dog
The fight began with the spilling of blood

The end of the night

With the moon shining bright
The only thing left in the parking lot
Is a little fuzzy ball and a dried blood spot.

Michael Perry

Grade 8

Heathwood Hall

Fire is like a lion
It will flare up
be wild and roar
devouring its prey.
Then it will be
like a kitten
purring softly,
lapping up
the last drop of wood.

Kim Covington

Grade 6

York Road Elementary

THE ODD ONE

The odd one he is:
Whisking through the sand
changing colors to beat the band.
First to match the sand he turns yellow
Quite an odd little fellow.
He climbs upon a bush;
He really looks mean
Until all of a sudden he turns green.
He rushes up a tree, not making a sound
And inverses to the color of brown.
An odd creature he is, looking for fun;
Who is he? The Chameleon.

Debbie Morgan

Grade 9

Bennettsville Junior High School

CHINESE CAT

This chinese cat is a legend in it's own time
when I stood by it in the rooms of the Taj Mahal
His eyes were the size of two yellow balloons
the skin of him was as soft as rain water
and when he purred it sounded like a tremble
of thunder to farmers waiting for rain
It walked like an honorable princess
this cat sat like an eagle
on the tip of the Empire State Building
When I first saw it he purred at me
and winked because he had the intelligence
of Einstein

This kind of cat comes once every doomsday.

Norbert Brown

Grade 9

Orangeburg-Belleville Jr High School

POEM

In the cool dusk of evening
the silent figure glides through the twilight,
careful not to leave a trail
or disturb a twig.
The silvery moon catches the light
from the silvery cross that hangs so closely
to his bow.
He takes from his robe the decoy
and sets the trap, for his prey's stupidity
is always dependable.
And as the silent phantom moves away
over the forest floor, the quiet drone
of a choir of insects praises his name.

Deborah Bookert
Dreher High School

POEM

Green-headed bodies with flat orange feet,
so pretty against a mass of ripples,
a miracle that Nature can only work!

Oh, look at the huge cells of their woven home,
the cells ready to crack,
with quacks of gleaming joy!

Albert A. Munn IV
Grade 10
Hannah-Pamplico High School

The voice of the moon speaks softly
through the night gloom
and the light of each cloud
Let's me see the cliffs celebrate
with the canyon below.
I can see the deer as they
walk to the cliffs and then silently float
off while they suffocate in the night air
and are swallowed up like a giant balloon.
The clouds shaped like cathedrals in the sky
Know that even with their
great knowledge and wisdom
That time will tell only of the meaning
and depth in the deer's hearts.

Roseanne Calhoun
Kennedy Jr High School

MY PLEASURES

When my family gets me down.
I like to make the hamster drown.

When the world is mean to me.
I like to see how mean I can be.
I pull my dog's tail.
I squash a frog.
I break my sister's doll on a
log.

When the weather makes me sad.
I kill some bugs and then
I'm glad.

All my pleasures as you might
see.
Are harsh to you.
But fun for me!!

Donna Jewell
Grade 8
Northside Middle School

MY AMBITION TO BE A BUSINESS MAN

When I was just a little boy,
You filled me with ambition.
When you took me in the firm,
and gave me a position.
And secretly behind your back,
Your stock I have acquired.
I now own fifty-one per cent.
and guess what, Dad?
You're fired!!

Maxie Forehand

Grade 8

Northside Middle School

MY WORLD IS ABOUT CLOTHES

i like all kind of clothes
except dresses
i like pants a whole lot
right now
that's all i got

Jannet Porter

Grade 9

Belleville Junior High School

THE VERY JUST LIE

It seems as though when you've run
out of words and especially if it has
something to do with a beating it's just
like a rip-cord on a parachute
they both save your behind

Anthony Spears

Grade 10

Hannah-Pamplico High School

A TERRARIUM

I've always liked a terrarium
I think it's better than an
Aquarium.
You never really have to feed
it.
But just remember to seed it.

Rob Stublely
Grade 6
Beck Middle School

IT MAKES ME HAPPY

A perfect tackle
feels like he is put in shackles
the ball is down
on the forty-one
the game is just now
starting to get fun!

Kenny Cantrell
Grade 8
Northside Middle School

HAPPINESS

Happiness is the month of May when the little
golden butterflies spread their psychedelic
wings
Happiness is getting warm by snuggling up and
having somebody snuggle back
Happiness is walking in a warm April shower with
someone you love who is kind
Or walking in the hazy mountains, feeling free.
and smelling of campfire smoke
Or standing at the crossroads bare-footed in
blue jeans and really having a choice

Group Poem
Willow Lane School

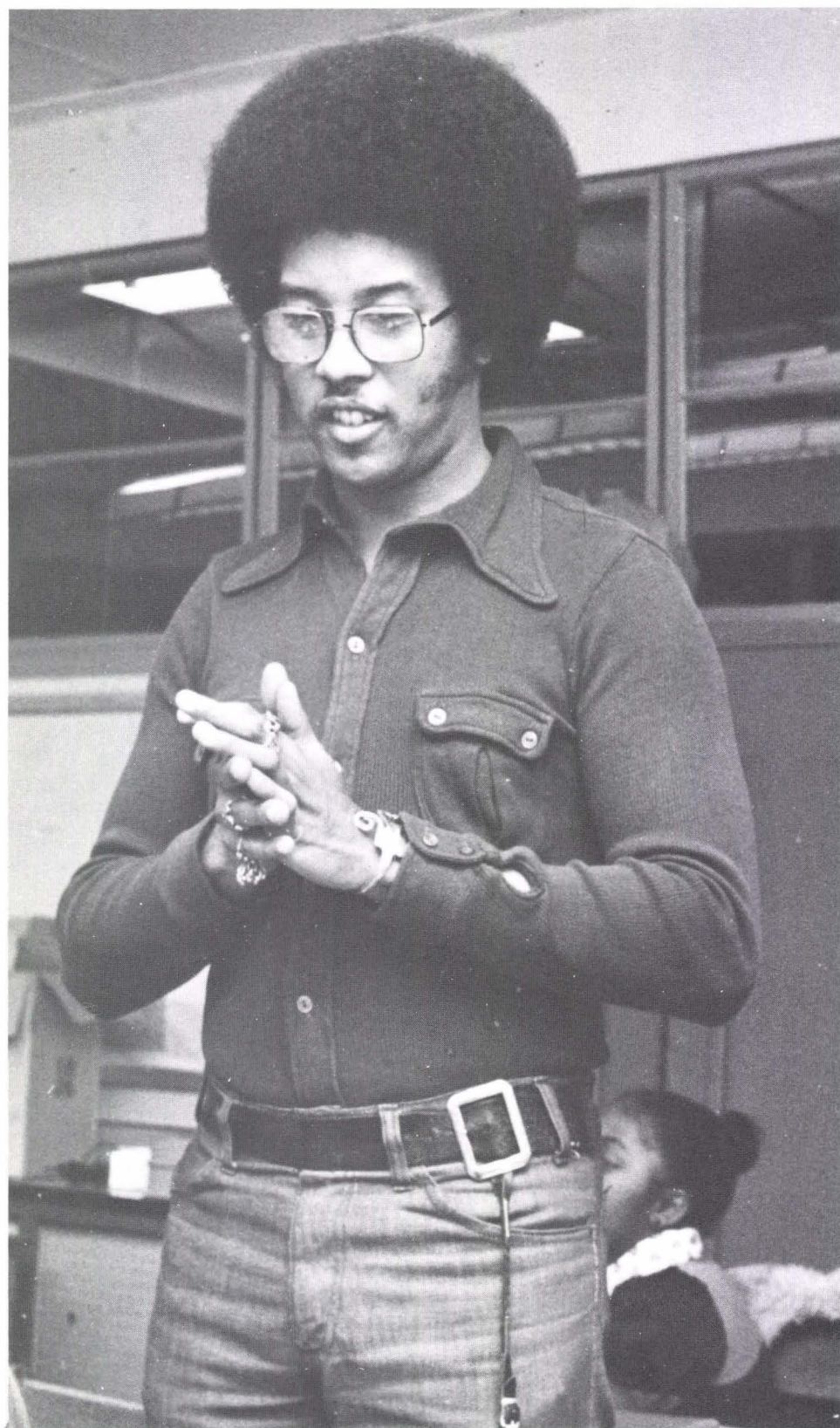
CHARLEEN WHISNANT is the founder and editor of Red Clay Publishers in Charlotte. She has read and lectured at numerous colleges and universities in the southeast, and has published poems in a baker's dozen of periodicals and anthologies.

THE BUILDER OF BOATS AND A DEER

He is the maker of kayaks
In a pathless forest of unclocked time.
From lakes locked into an ice age ago
No streams are born.
He silently circles the edge
Toward the sound of slow drinking.
In the twilight of longing
The builder of boats and a deer
Become statues
The spirit of mint leaves and fern
Stills the water
And moons of their eyes
Rise slowly as sap in the heart of each tree.
The danger is ecstasy. Thought
Of the cliffs and of leaping
Locks into their gaze,
The promise of movement
In love's wilderness
A green rapture
Feeding on water
And fire.

Charleen Whisnant





i have not forgotten the distance from teddys
to 50th street
i have not forgotten the moon
24 moons ago
i have not forgotten the lightning
soft light that danced upon
the dark gloss of your body
lending bright
to my dingy room
i have not forgotten filling
a desolate space
i have not forgotten the wine
i have not forgotten your smile
or your taste
sweet taste
of sweetness
i have not forgotten the movement
the sea
or the songs

Tommy Young

TOMMY YOUNG studied painting and sculpture at California State University, and is an actor as well as a poet. This background led to his being chosen as Environmentalist in the Arts Commission's Project TAP, in addition to his being a poet-in-residence for the Poets-In-The-Schools Program.

When it snows every day
it's cold but fun to play.
The soft snow is like
a cold bed at night,
but when you get under it
it seems like a warm blanket.
You look at the trees
and they look like drooping flowers
that have caught snow
like wind caught on the sea.

Chris Hollis

Grade 5

York Road Elementary

THE POSSIBILITIES OF SNOW

Snow is something to get into,
It's something to get out of.
It's there to wear boots for,
Or go barefoot in,
Or go half naked in.
Snow is to throw or roll in
But it is also to keep warm from.
Snow makes possible thoughts of being stranded
And thoughts of whiteness and wonder.
Snow is great but only if you have
Someone to share it with, or
If you are alone.

Thomas Pietras

Grade 11

Spring Valley High School

Dear Santa.

I strongly suggest you come in the front door.
Cause Ma will hit the ceiling
If there's ashes on the floor.

The house smells like gasoline but don't worry Sir.
It's just Ma's scented air freshener.

We'll lay out your cookies sooner or later.
So please don't raid the refrigerator.

If you want something off the tree, take this or that.
But put it back if it's brown and funny
Because that's my cat!

Now I know we all have certain flaws.
But don't let Dad catch Ma
Kissin' *you* Santa Claus!

Quite Sincerely.
Marti Joseph

Marti Joseph
Camden Middle School

WINTER DAY

Snow covered grounds.
Bare tree branches;
High roaring winds
Blowing leaf dances.

Sally Ashmore
Grade 8
League Middle School

THE FLIGHT

The leaves flurry over the open
ground
 rumbling and tumbling with
a crackling sound.

They meet a small wind
and together they dance
 going high over people now
resembling ants.

All of these leaves, once alive
and on trees
 Are now whisked away on
a flight with the breeze

Billy Bernard

Grade 8

Aiken Junior High School

MORNING LAUGHTER

As I stood looking through my window.
I saw him running wild and
free against the early morning fog.
his body unclothed and his
spirit laughing as he fled across the field
to pick a hand full of daisies.
the young girl joining him
As he presented her with the gift.
the sun opened up through the
clouds and shone upon them.
the rays of the sun warmed
them and they smiled.
the joy of day made
them sing and dance
As I turned away from
the window the morning began to
laugh.

Diane Hudson

Grade 11

Southside High School

A CLOWN

I woke up this morning a clown.
A brightly painted face
With big red smiling lips
frozen on.
No difference in my
Long frizzy hair and funny nose
something to laugh at
oh, why doesn't anybody see . . .
I'm crying.

Susie Edwards

Dent Junior High School

DANCE OF FREEDOM

Have you ever seen a honey-kissed expanse
of wheat upon a crackling fresh day...
When each stalk's head is bowed in prayer
to the glaring god, the sun?

But when the wind comes prancing along,
playing a sprightly tune; the wind's will
must the wheat obey.

You first see a ripple and in seconds
each stalk is dancing like a wild, mad
dervish about a ceremonial fire:

Leaping and spinning, whirling and twirling,
swaying and obeying their sense of unleashed
joy at their new-found freedom. Dancing
to that unheard tune of the wind.

As the last sigh of the wind blows by,
And the frenzied pirouettes and arabesques
are spent;

The wheat is left; remaining in that
rigid and unbending stance of fearful
prayer to their almighty god, the sun.

Rhonda Carnell

Grade 9

Wilson High School

THE MUSICAL NOTE

The body and the mind merge
They become one, as honey in water
Or as two plus two
Eternity is formed from this merger
It is simple and innocent
It is strong and dear and moving
Mind-concentration, strength
Body-movement, strength
The body and the mind merge
They become one, as the sun
And earth at solitary moments.
The sound that ushers from the
Depths of the merger,
Will melt the soul and last forever.

Julia S. Fischer
Dreher High School

A SCREAM

A scream . . .
there is no echo
only silence
and then the world goes
hustle, bustle, chit-chat.

Susie Edwards
Dent Junior High School

SOUNDS

I heard the screaming
Of little birds
They flew in groups
Like little herds.

I heard a rock
A dull sound it made
I heard a car
Go by and fade.

I heard a stick
It made a very sharp sound
I heard the screaming
It was all around.

Catherine Davis

Grade 7

Northside Middle School

SILENCE

Silence is a soldier, before his first battle
Silence is a locker room, after a defeat
Silence is sitting on the bank of a river fishing
Silence is a guitar with no strings
It's knowing you might die before tomorrow
It's seeing your girl holding hands with another man
Silence is the hourglass, with running sand
Silence is the destiny . . . of man

Charles Warrington

Dent Junior High School

SOLDIER

Your face is smeared
Your gun is at hand
Adorned with weapons
To destroy the land.
But I can see
Under eyes so mild
Not a soldier
But a child.

Bill Garvin

Kennedy Jr. High School

INTO THE VOID

He waits, the last gladiator
in a new Rome.
His face is turned to the sky
as he walks to his silver eagle.

He is taken up the shining tower
only to be imprisoned
in the monster.
The echoing voice counts.

Moments later, the roar.
People marvel at his courage
as he sails toward the stars.

Bob Roman

Grade 8

League Middle School

SILVER

Silver is mechanical, like the
clank clank of steel,
Sending people into the world
of automation.
And into the future, past the
wooded forests and green pastures.

Silver is mechanical, the computers
and electronics.
Push button control at your
fingertips,
Silver surrounded by blinking
greens and reds.

The beep beeps lighting the
silver.
An ecstasy delight,
Or an ominous sight.

Gary Purcell

Grade 8

Aiken Junior High School

SECOND IN COMMAND

i am the vice god, assistant creator of all things
i came to earth to check it out
i feel like i rule, but you know who does
i take over when he's gone
i sit up in heaven on the golden throne
i got an el dorado and swimming pool
except for the devil, everything's cool
we eat up here, the best there is
steaks, caviar, and sometimes beer
every third friday, i get the day off
to have a good time, sometimes i play golf
then back to work, me and my squad
cause here comes our leader, the mighty god
so when you die, just get in line
and come up here, and have a hell of a time.

Chester Ray

Grade 9

Belleville Junior High School

THE OLD HOUSE

Think about the house that stands
on the hill;
and the lady who once lived there.
The house stands where beautiful
oaks had once swayed in the breeze;
their rusty leaves lying on the ground.
Very old now, its stairs creak when
walked upon and its doors slowly
swing on broken hinges.
And now as the wrecking crew
begins devastating the old house;
tears slowly come to my eyes.

Tracie Joyner

Grade 7

May River Academy

GRANDMOTHER

This poem is for my grandmother
who deserted us years ago—
hours, days, weeks, months
seem like centuries—
Her hair was red as the rose garden
she always dreamed about
(her roses still beautiful
but wilted, dried away)
Grandmother, your life was
as beautiful as my rose garden
now, with skanky violets looking
skyward.

Angie Garrett

Grade 10

Wren High School

GRANDPOP

I remember my grandfather—
I used to sit with him on the back porch.
We would eat vanilla ice cream
(From Sam & Sarah's deli)
And listen to the Phillies on the radio.
We would look at the sky
And count the stars that we could see.
He told me stories of when he was
 a kid in Philadelphia,
And I would listen and watch
The best electrical worker in the world
Tell his stories.
I remember my grandfather . . .

Rick Mohn

Grade 10

Spring Valley High School

THE GIFT

Managing a tight-lipped smile
I pass by the Santas (20 in the last mile)
and listen to the crackling air
resounding with a taped, packaged, pre-recorded prayer.
And then I rush to my Department Store
Soul clutched eagerly in my hand, I pass an opened
door
where an old, withered, and tired old lady
extends a hand;
I give her my soul, and Peace was on my
Land.

John York

Grade 12

Spring Valley High School

OLD LADY

She looks like an ostrich and is
shaped like a bottle.
She walks like a little
old drunk man on his way home
But when she talks
its as soft as a
piece of cotton.

Christie Gillins

Grade 12

Airport High School

REALMAN

Big Bristling Bad Ballooning
All over everbody
short-short and flattop cut
with a shiny middle spot
like an empty pizza pan
looking like he's trying
to come out all over
crawfish eyes
in a fuzzy coconut
and a brass ring
on one finger

Mark Durham

Grade 11

Palmetto High School

LOVE

My dear love died last night
Shall I clothe her in white?

My passionate love is dead
Shall I clothe her in red?

But, my, she was all untrue
Still my desolate love was brave
Unrobed, let her go to her grave.

Beulah Coltrane

Basic Class

Hannah-Pamplico High School

HAIKU

Philip and Jeffery
are two very good buddies
They are kind of short

Jimmy Hart

Grade 6

Bennettsville Elementary

She's about as handsome as a clogged up drain,
hair so short I can smell her brain.

And guess what else?
She's been run over by a train.

If you think that's a dish
smell her breath—just like a fish.

Michael Conzater

Grade 11

Keenan High School

I feel like a little blue
V.W. on a freeway.
I feel like a little room
With no window for air and
The smell of dusk seems to
Take your breath.
I feel like a pebble in the
Middle of a pile of rocks.
I feel like a china doll
That has been discarded into
A pile of garbage.
This world, this
Place that I call home.
This mess . . .

Betsy Hodge

Grade 12

May River Academy

I USED TO WISH AND WISHES CAME TRUE

I used to wish for this girl
And at last my wish came true
She and I are together
No one but just us two
People say that wishes
Don't always come true
But if you really want something
Like a girl friend or two
Don't try to act like something
Just show her
That you are really you

Frank Rivers

Grade 6

Bennettsville Elementary

POEM

He held me in his arms.
What could I do but linger?
I ran my fingers through his hair
and a cootie bit my finger.

Clifford Amick
10th Grade
Airport High School

THE EMBRYO

Inside
 it grows. it exists.
I do not want it,
 it frightens me.
 i cannot fight back.
Inside
 it is simple. it is innocent.
 it grows.
I must hurt it
 this new existence. this new burden.
 i cannot cope.
Inside
 it is myself. it must die.
 i will kill it!
Dying
 it calls to me. it calls to me.
 i would have loved it.

Cheryl McNeely
Grade 12
Wren High School

WHAT I USED TO BE

I used to be a bird,
but now I am a princess.
Now that I'm a princess
there's been trouble ever since.

I wish I were a bird again
so I can whirl and twirl.
I could fly off the ground
without making sound.

I could build my nest
of soft grass and sticks
when princesses build theirs
of hard brick.

Stephanie Robinson

Grade 6

South Pine St. Elementary

IF I WERE THE WIND

if i were the wind
i would go all over
the world and i
would blow down
houses and trees
if i were the wind
i would just blow
the sail boat across
the water as fast as i could

Harry Brown

John G. Richards School

STRANGE TRICKS

Strings strings strings
See them move
Over across the fingers
Glowing and going

Some say one is Jacob's Ladder
But I'd say it's a ruler
Some say another is Cup and Saucer
To me it's an open field or door

Fingers are in action
Gliding across
Pretty figures come and pretty to see
At last something that comes freely.

Frank Rivers

Grade 6

Bennettsville Elementary

MY HAIR

My hair is fixed
in a special way
It makes me feel
cool and gay

I always keep it
nice and sway
To meet
the very best day.

And when I let it loose
I always take a bow
For my hair enjoys a crowd.

Rebecca Washington

Grade 4

Camden Elementary

THE TREE

I used to be a tree so straight and tall,
I hardly could move at all.
They said I might not get so big,
Because when I started out I was just a twig.
Now I'm rotten,
Lonely and forgotten.

But just the other day,
A man said, "Hey—
He looks pretty good.
That is, for wood".

Now I'm a stack
In the back of a house nearby.
And when they burn me I don't even cry.

Tricia Balentine

Grade 7

League Middle School

FIRE

The fire is hot
and blazing high
the old torn cot
is rising in the sky
the babydoll of little Jane
will never be left out in the rain again

My fear of fire has always been
turning to ashes again and again.

Susan Register

Grade 8

Northside Middle School

WAY UP HIGH

I'm way up high in the sky;
I think I am going to die.
Those people look like ants, and those
Trucks look like toys.
What am I doing up here?
Oh! I thought that was it.
Over the speaker came a voice,
You are now flying at 50,000 feet.
Another voice says: Why are you so pale?
Why don't you get down off that chair?

Benny Baker

Grade 8

Aiken Junior High School

I feel like the sea, rough and blue,
The salty air, so nice,
A ship rolling over me
Putting pressure on my back,
For I've been hurt.

Bonnie Garfield

Grade 7

May River Academy

PICTURE YOURSELF

Picture yourself
on a coconut street
with butterscotch trees and jelly on their leaves
with people staring with eyes like glass
with trucks flying by, a breeze of the past
with mountains of chocolate and a marshmallow peak
with a radio going: oh how softly do they speak
all of this happened on coconut street

Janette Buskey

Grade 9

Orangeburg-Belleville Jr High School

A GIRL NAMED PUG

I am quite sure that most everyone here,
has heard the story that is told far
and near.
It was written by a sailor, while
sippin' his jug.
for this is the story of a girl named Pug.
Once in her life she stood 6 feet 6
three-hundred and four
She couldn't even walk straight through
her own bathroom door.
Pug worked in the circus,
was a human cannon-ball.
But it all was stopped when she
suffered a terrible fall.
It was early a fine day
in the middle of May,
when Pug and her boyfriend
were deep in the hay.
Pug's manager came running with
a scream and a shout
Pug, where are you.
you've got to come out.
There's a crowd at the door.
they want to see you.
If you don't come out
you know we'll be through!
Alright, said Pug,
but I'll be there much quicker
if you'll just give me time to
zip up my zipper.
The circus began just 1 hour later,
with the star of the show, a trained
alligator.
But when Pug strided out, the crowd
with a glee, said there is the one that
we want to see!
Pug went to the stage with a nod
and a bow, and said you just
watch what I'll do now.
Into the barrell of the cannon
she dropped.
She knew for sure then that she
could not be stopped.
The cannon went off with a roar and
a blast.

Man, oh, man was she going fast!
I'm really safe now. I probably
could bet.
but when she looked down she had
done passed the net.
She hit the South wall with a
bang and a splat
and when the crowd got there she was
almost squished flat.
The doctors worked on her by day and
by night, and even Pug's body put
up a hell of a fight.
They finally saved her, much thanks
to Heaven.
But when Pug stood up, she was just
four foot eleven.
What made Pug so much full of hate,
was that even then she was still
the same weight.
And although her circumference, is
really quite spacious, you best
not say nothing cause she might
get Pug-natious.

Bill Turbeville

Grade 11

Hartsville High School

CHITLENS

I've never eaten Chitlens.
I doubt I ever will.
For if I ever really do
They'll probably make me ill.
I think those chitlens only waste.
They're something I would never taste.
I think they'd be like soured scum.
Something you might get sick from.

Nancy Hoskins

Grade 9

Bennettsville Junior High School

THE CHINA JAR

The jar was shiny and white,
Covered with flowers and birds.
Surely something so beautiful outside
Must be twice as beautiful inside.
So I climbed up to look,
Lost my balance, fell in, and couldn't get out.
I was wrong,
The inside was ugly.

Dennis Ward
Grade 11
Southside High School

I JUST LOST

Cover my ground with fleecy white snow
Cover my floor with dust
Cover my walls with spidery webs
Cover my mind with drugs

Cover my hair with ribbons of black
Cover my garden with frost
Cover my life with the darkness of hate
Cover my grave . . . I just lost

Glenda Henson
Landrum High School

THE AWFUL BRIGHTNESS

The blackness of the purple in the violet,
The simple but beautiful little woodland flower;
The lustering silver of stainless steel spoons.
The greenness of the grass glittering its diamonds of dew
In the sunlight, which is itself a golden ray of life
To the green;
And the awful brightness of the reddish-brown blood
Reflect their light into our lives.

Brian Alexander

Grade 10

Landrum High School

The ocean holds a certain charisma for me
Luring me into its moody vastness
Sea smells
Of ripe sun
And foreign wind
Of raw salt and strength
On lonely days I find myself
Yearning for a taste of wild spray
And bare land

Sunday Fennessy, 16

Willow Lane School

I take one path and then another,
Then I ran across a man with
eyeglasses and a robe
Who looked crazy as he
came running down one path
With a knife in a jar of water.
He was pale but as he ran
he ran with a skillful whispering
of courage.

Marlesia Walker

Kennedy Jr High School

POEM

Each day I daydream,
I think about what is
going on in the world.
I turn on my radio
to hear the news.
I go to sleep and dream
about the things I heard
in the news, I get up
and go to the door and stare.

Charles Frazier
Dreher High School

CIRCLE

I looked into the darkness
of the morning night
And the frosty ground
stuck to my feet
After a still death
life comes again
The morning sun with
burning light begins warming
the earth; and I live
among a cycle

Dennis Cameron
Grade 12
Saluda High School

MY LIFE'S RULER

Five inches for the happiness,
six inches for the sadness,
one inch for the loneliness,
These are all a part of my life.
I find myself being used
sometimes to measure other
lives,
but I am glad that I can
see the dimensions of my own.

Pam Quattlebaum

Grade 8

Aiken Junior High School

IN FAVOR OF MASON WILLIAMS

Look at them tooth-pickers
Ain't they sweet
Sittin' at the table
Pickin' they teeth

Pickin' them wisdom teeth
Pickin' them canine
Some use oak picks
Some use pine

Pickin' what didn't
Go into they tums
Diggin' that chow
Outa they gums

Pickin' that foodstuff
Outa they mouth
Pickin' at the table
And all through the house

How to be a tooth-picker
It may sound wicked
Stuff some food between your teeth
Gitchy pick 'n pick it!

Brian Smith

Grade 12

Wren High School

AGAPE, SHALOM

Love, Peace
Catchwords
Robbed of their awesome meanings
By Repetition.

Exploited
Patches, posters, keyrings
Someone's raking it in.

Agape, Shalom
My answer to this world
That has forgotten the meanings
Of love and peace.

Forgotten them
Perhaps because there's not enough
Of either
Agape, Shalom.

Virginia Inman
Grade 8
Beck Middle School

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